

# The Critic

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NEW YORK, 1892.

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are enthusiastically seconded by the *Times's* telegrams. Mr. Herve joins the Government fleet at Valparaiso and is unwise enough to go on three cruises with it up the coast to Iquique, where it sinks the flagship Blanco Encalada and comes within an ace of sinking the United States flagship Baltimore. Not content with this, he denounces the 'Yankees' at every opportunity, rails at the 'highly imaginative New York Herald correspondent' (from whom the truth about Balmaceda's downfall was first ascertained), usually calls other people's telegrams to other papers than the *Times* 'lies,' and predicts the success of the Government (Balmaceda). His predictions were woefully false, and he himself was recalled by the *Times* a few months after his arrival in Chile. In the present triumph of the 'rebellion' he sees nothing but disaster for the land, and he doubts whether Balmaceda is dead. One prediction of his is true: that the angry Chilians, incensed against the United States for its part in the Itata business, will eventually cool their wrath and apologize to it for the massacre of the Baltimore's crew. Mr. Herve's mistakes and bitter partisanship, we may say, do not prevent his book, with its fifteen full-page illustrations, from being picturesque and thrilling to a degree.

#### Prof. Norton's "Purgatorio." \*

A CELEBRATED PASSAGE in Canto XXXI. of the 'Purgatorio' reads thus:—

Volgi, Beatrice, volgi gli occhi santi,  
Era la lor canzone, al tuo fedele,  
Che per verdeti ha mossi passi tanti.  
Per grazia fanne grazia, che disvele  
A lui la faccia tua, sì che discerna  
La seconda bellezza che tu cele.  
O splendor di viva luce eterna,  
Chi pallido si fece sotto l' ombra  
Sì di Parnaso, o beve in sua cisterna,  
Che non paresse aver la mente ingombra,  
Tentando a render te qual tu paresti  
Là dove armonizzando il ciel t' adombra,  
Quando nell' aere aperto ti solvesti?

(*Purg.* XXXI., 133-145.)

This passage Prof. Norton translates in prose as follows:—"Turn, Beatrice, turn thy holy eyes," was their song, 'upon thy faithful one, who to see thee has taken so many steps. For grace do us the grace that thou unveil to him thy mouth, so that he may discern the second beauty which thou concealest.' Oh, splendor of living light eternal! Who hath become so pallid under the shadow of Parnassus, or hath so drunk at its cistern, that he would not seem to have his mind encumbered, trying to represent thee as thou didst appear there where in harmony the heaven overshadows thee when in the open air thou didst thyself disclose?' (p. 201.)

The closeness with which the original is here followed is characteristic of Prof. Norton's whole work. It is like a delicate tracing on tissue-paper of a picture that looms large and distinct beneath, the outlines of the Dantesque landscape—that

#### Poema sacro

A cui ha posto mano e cielo e terra,

as the poet himself calls it—appearing through the film of tracery or translation, inevitably changed, to be sure, but preserving all essential features except the indescribable coloring and harmony of the Italian vocalization. In his commentary at the foot of the page the translator interprets Dante, either by himself or by the Bible, or by the curious learning of the scholastic theology, not giving too much nor too little, but satisfying that natural thirst for knowledge in the reader for which Matthew Arnold praises Aristotle, speaking of 'that buoyant and immortal sentence with which Aristotle begins his *Metaphysics*, "All mankind naturally desire knowledge."' The reader, who would be otherwise

\* *Dark Days in Chile. An Account of the Revolution of 1891.* By M. H. Herve, Special Correspondent of the [London] *Times*. 3s. Macmillan & Co.

\* *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.* Translated by Charles Eliot Norton. Vol. II. *Purgatory*. 6s.2s. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

perplexed with the involved allusion, the mediæval turn of thought or the hidden meaning of Dante, is helped over his perplexities by these explanatory accompaniments to the text—the viaduct by which the traveller is lifted over the Dead Sea of metaphor and of obscure knowledge, to Dante lit with all the light of intimate acquaintance. Underneath his lines the perpetual smile of the inner meaning shines, and this meaning is Proteus-masked, taking as many forms as Sorrow did to Faust in the great Germanic legend. Goethe and Dante, indeed, are twin brethren of the spirit, twin masters of allegory, twin pillars of lofty and often indistinct imagination. Prof. Norton's dark-lantern shoots many a welcome ray across the dusk Italian physiognomy of the Florentine, and the reader, as he follows his translation, feels nearer to Dante's heart, nearer to his essential meaning than he does in the poetically-wrought masterpieces of Cary, Rossetti or Longfellow.

#### Farquhar's Plays \*

LIKE MANY other writers of English comedy, George Farquhar was an Irishman by birth. He was for a while an actor, like Colley Cibber, but came near killing a fellow-performer in a stage-duel, and so gave up the boards and became, like Steele, a soldier. 'The Recruiting Officer,' which Mr. Daly revived for us seven or eight years ago, was founded on fact. 'The Inconstant,' which also Mr. Daly has allowed us to see, was founded on a play of Fletcher's, 'The Wild Goose Chase'; and its hero, Young Mirabel, is far from being as pleasant a personality as the Capt. Plume that the author drew from himself. What was long his most popular play, 'The Beaux's Stratagem,' was brought out in March, 1707, and in the following month, on the very day an extra benefit was to be given him, he died. A record, printed by the Shakespeare Society, tells us that he was buried in the churchyard of Saint Martin's-in-the Fields, May 23, 1707, and in the church registry his name is spelt 'Falkwere'—which gives us more than a hint as to contemporary pronunciation. The British editor of the plays has prefixed to these volumes a simple outline of Farquhar's life, written in evident ignorance of the fact that two of his comedies survive on the stage here in the United States, although they have been suffered to lapse from the boards in Great Britain. The notes to the plays in the second volume are to be credited to Mr. Robert W. Lowe, who saw the edition through the press after the death of Mr. Ewald. Mr. Lowe is one of the most learned of English stage historians, and to him we are indebted for the admirable editions of Doran's 'Their Majesties' Servants' and Colley Cibber's 'Apology.' The volumes are well printed and well bound, and worthy of the house which gave us Mr. Bullen's noble series of Elizabethan dramatists.

It would be a curious inquiry, and worthy of some careful student of the theatre, to discover why Farquhar is now the only one of the Restoration dramatists who keeps the stage. No comedy of Congreve has been acted even in the United States for nearly fifty years. Vaubrun's 'Relapse,' in the modified form of Sheridan's 'Trip to Scarborough,' was revived for us by Mr. Daly a year or two ago, but without success; and Wycherley's 'Country Wife' also, in the modified form of Garrick's 'Country Girl,' Mr. Daly has let us see on more than one occasion, and always to the delight of playgoers. Nothing of Dryden's is acted now-a-days, although his version of Molière's 'Amphitryon' was attempted in London ten or a dozen years ago. Nothing of Colley Cibber's is ever seen, except 'She Would and She Would Not,' which Mr. Daly again has served up for us more than once. But Cibber, though bustling, is thin, and Dryden, though a great writer, has little comedy in him. Wycherley is too brutally vulgar for our modern squeamishness—and one need not be very squeamish to find the cynicism of 'The Country Wife' revolting. Vanbrugh is too local, too

temporary, too much of his own time to interest ours. Congreve, again, is too hard, and, at bottom, not sufficiently dramatic: even in his own day he was known to have little theatrical instinct, little sense of the effect of the footlights. Farquhar had this instinct, this sense, more fully than any of his contemporaries, and this it is which has kept his plays on the stage, while theirs gather dust in the library.

#### Lord Rosebery's "Pitt" \*

LORD ROSEBERY'S monograph on Pitt is probably the best short life of that statesman that has been written. The life of Pitt is not easy to write, for there lies in the way of a judicial estimate of him—whether viewed as the leader of Europe against the French Revolution, or as the great promoter of the 'Union'—an eternal question, (and in the latter case—a still 'burning' question) of opinion. Lord Rosebery believes that the war with France was inevitable, that not alone English public opinion but reasons more decisive—European reasons—made it a war of necessity, and one entirely justifiable. His seventh chapter deals with the bias of Pitt's own mind upon the subject, and shows that the desire for peace was paramount in the Prime Minister until in 1792 the last hope of English neutrality vanished. In November and December of that year were issued the famous decrees of the National Convention—the first promising assistance to all nations that should revolt against their governments, the second compelling all territories occupied by French troops to accept the new institutions. To this last decree Savoy, Nice, the Low Countries and the Rhenish provinces of Germany were compelled to conform. In addition to these high-handed proceedings, provisions of treaties were abolished by the French Government under the pretense of a 'law of nature,' and the Convention thus arrogated to itself a power of annihilating the sacred obligations of contracting nations which alarmed all Europe. In these circumstances, which were soon rendered more alarming by the execution of Louis, Pitt went to war, not as an avenger of England only, but as the upholder of the general rights of Europe against an overbearing enemy. The author shows conclusively, we think, that national justice and a public opinion which could not be ignored justified and supported the policy of Pitt in 1792. 'Whether he was a great war minister, as is generally considered, or an incapable war minister, as he is called by Macaulay,' he certainly used every means in his power to avoid the appeal to arms, and during the progress of the war availed himself of every means to end it. As to his claims to the name of a great war minister the author thinks that 'his true gifts were for peace,' yet he follows this estimate with the palliative one that 'unsupported and overweighted as he was, he could not in any case have succeeded, nor in all probability could the greatest of war ministers—not Chatham, not Bismarck.' The question of his management of the finances is also susceptible of two opinions, but the conclusion of the author is that 'Pitt's finance was well and wisely managed.'

Turning from this side of his administration to the domestic one, we learn that the earlier part of his administration embraces most that is noteworthy, except the 'Union,' which was carried in 1800. Lord Rosebery utters a protest against the denunciations which have followed Pitt's policy in this respect from that day to the present, and ascribes them to the fact that the Irish question is still an open one; and in apology for him enters a plea that he should be judged by the standards of the eighteenth century, not those of the nineteenth. The second point is certainly well taken, but the former seems to the reviewer an insufficient reason for justifying a bill which was carried by corruption which the author himself calls 'wholesale and horrible,' and which was opposed to the will of the Irish people. The style of the book is agreeable, the narrative flows on smoothly, and altogether Lord Rosebery has done a creditable piece of work

\* The Dramatic Works of George Farquhar. Edited, with Life and Notes, by Alex. Charles Ewald. 2 vols. London: John C. Nimmo.

\* Pitt. By Lord Rosebery. 6s. 6d. (Twelve English Statesmen.) Macmillan & Co.



in circumstances which might well have discouraged a man of less energy and determination.

### "The Deluge" \*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL of Poland, Sweden and Russia by the celebrated Polish writer, Henryk Sienkiewicz, is here presented to the English-speaking public for the first time. It is called 'The Deluge,' and the wars herein described are the most complicated and significant in the whole career of the Commonwealth of Poland, for the political motives which came into play during these wars had their origin in early and leading causes. The two fundamental events of Polish history are the settlement of the Teutonic Knights in Prussia through the action of the Poles themselves; and the union of Poland with Lithuania and Russia by the marriage of Yadviga, the Polish princess, with Yagyello, Grand Prince of Lithuania; and these two events are the foundation upon which 'The Deluge' is built. The policy of the Teutonic Knights gave the first of its final results in the war of 1665 between Sweden and Poland, since it made the elector independent in Prussia, where soon after his son was crowned king.

It was in Prussia that these Knights began the career which cut off Poland from the sea, took from the Poles their political birthplace, and gave its name and territory to the chief kingdom of the new German Empire. Their early success was so great that in the third half-century of their rule on the Baltic their power overshadowed Poland, which was thus seriously threatened. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, however, the Poles escaped imminent danger by their union with Lithuania and Russia. Through this most important connection they rose at once from a position of peril to one of safety and power. This union, brought about by exceedingly adroit management on the part of the Polish nobles and clergy, opened to the Poles immense regions of country and the way to vast wealth. Before the union their whole land was composed of Great and Little Poland; after the union two-thirds of the best lands of pre-Tartar Russia formed part of the Commonwealth. In Lithuania, by the terms of the union, all were obliged to become Catholic; in Russia the people were undisturbed at first, but the nobles soon became Catholic, and Russia found herself under the control of a class out of all sympathy with the mass of the people. The war with Great Russia in 1654, also described here, though its formal cause came from the struggle in 1612 in which the Poles had endeavored to subjugate Moscow, was really roused by the conflict of Southern Russia with Poland to win religious and material equality.

It is easy to see, with this foundation to go upon, what dramatic results might be obtained by a writer of the ability of Sienkiewicz. And he has achieved intensely dramatic results. There are certain scenes, such as that of the banquet at which the Polish nobles swear allegiance to their king in face of the war which is about to be declared by Sweden, that are most graphically and picturesquely described. The book, which is a prodigious one, consisting of two finely printed volumes of six hundred pages each, is a succession of stirring episodes. Battles and sieges and the train of incidents which attend upon such events abound. The thread is slight which holds them together, not sufficient to chain the interest of the reader after he tires of all this. For there is too much of it, and one does tire of it before the close. The first volume will be read with the greatest interest; there will be few who will wade through the second. It should be condensed. The Polish author is most lucky to have Jeremiah Curtin for his translator. Eminently fitted for his task, he has done the work full justice, and the reader feels that he has the true spirit of the original.

\* The Deluge. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. \$3. Little, Brown & Co.

### "Stonewall" Jackson. \*

'THE LIFE AND LETTERS of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson,' better known as 'Stonewall,' prepared by his wife, is a picture of the man rather than a narrative of his deeds. It deals with the phenomena of mind and character more than with action. None better than the wife of such a man could tell the story that is here told clearly, truthfully, and with attractive grace. Of old English and Scotch-Irish stock, and born of a mother of unusual character and abilities, Jackson was one of the elect, and specially endowed for, if not predestinated to, his place in the world. His life as a boy, as a West Point cadet, a soldier in the Mexican War, professor in the Virginia Military Institute, and as a traveller in Europe is narrated with literary skill. These chapters pleasantly bring to light the life of Virginians before the Civil War. In depicting the great leader of men directing his 'foot cavalry' to crush Federal brigades, we have much that is new and of value to the historian, yet no bitterness or sectionalism tinges the narrative. The whole biography is a model. The style is chaste, self-contained and graphic. The chief object is to portray the inner man. The author realizes that the questions once at issue are settled, and that the time has come in which each side can do justice to the other, and private character be truthfully set forth, without partiality and without hypocrisy. Herein, it seems to us lies the great value of this biography. In analyzing, for instance, the reputed episode of 'Barbara Frietchie,' the facts and authorities are given without comment or enlargement. The intensely religious life of this unquailing warrior is shown in his letters. Had Jackson lived longer, the war would almost certainly have been prolonged. Surely, too, he was the most picturesque character in the civil struggle. Several illustrations and portraits are given. There is no index, but the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field contributes an appropriate introduction.

### "Writers and Readers" †

TO SAY THAT more books are published than ought by any count to be written is to utter the most expected of truisms, and yet there is a good deal of the unexpected present when one finds that this general statement must be focused on such an eminent literary man as the best editor of Boswell's Johnson. Why Dr. Birkbeck Hill chose to print this volume of 'Writers and Readers' may possibly be explained by the fact that his name is favorably before the public, and he wishes to continue his success. But this series of lectures, delivered before a teachers' association, although we can readily understand that the addresses were pleasant to hear, cannot be considered as book material. The first four chapters are grouped under the head of 'Revolutions in Literary Taste,' and this title, we immediately find, does not herald an analysis of this or any other century's *Hauptströmungen*, but merely indicates a succession of paradoxes whose central idea is the constant fluctuation of men's literary opinions. We praise to-day what was hated yesterday, and we hate to-day the idol of last week and perhaps that of to-morrow. Of reputations few or none are stable, and therefore our criticisms are valueless, not being permanent. Having uttered this protest against dogmatism and certainty, Dr. Hill proceeds to give opinions that show him as 'cocksure' and dogmatic as the best of us, and a trifle old-fashioned withal. Although the thought rambles, however—Shakespeare's reputation suggesting Johnson's criticism, this in its turn suggesting Johnson's reputation, which suggests Addison, or Dryden, or Dickens, or Shakespeare again,—yet this same thought generally contains much plain sense, devoid of originality, vigor or keen wit. We may say of this part of the volume that it is merely a collection of chatty literary information, of a kind already

\* Life and Letters of Gen. Thomas J. Jackson. By Mary A. Jackson. \$2. Harper & Bros.

† Writers and Readers. By George Birkbeck Hill. \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

very well made use of by Mr. Addison Russell in his 'Library Notes.'

Of a decidedly worthier character are the fifth and sixth lectures, on 'The Study of Literature as a Part of Education.' The author is very earnest in saying once more that the world is too much with us, that we are neglecting our imagination, and that we must read more and better books. But the treatment of this obviously true principle is such that least effect will be gained where most is desired. The writer is too much inclined to condemn without fairness, to slight that which is new to him (German scholarship, for instance), to be perfectly sure that what appeals to him must appeal to the world's heart of to-day. When a Carlyle or a Ruskin holds the pen, we do not object to being scolded: it is so easy to hear the genius instead of the scolding. But when a writer has not that genius, he must be sympathetic if he expects to exert the right influence on his times. Dr. Hill may be perfectly right in condemning our *fin de siècle*, but to be effective he must first show that he understands it, and of this understanding his book shows little trace. It is not the literary artist or the deep thinker who is speaking; it is the gentlemanly and well-read possessor of much sense, much taste, some theories, a general right view of life, and not too much adaptability,—a gentleman of the old school, who has stimulated one audience by his lectures, and now offers the same food to the whole literature-devouring world.

Certainly the book will add nothing to Dr. Hill's reputation, for he has simply remade old material in forms that do not plead trumpet-tongued for their existence. When will it come to be taken as a maxim that literary gossip and chat and hints and suggestions—*obiter dicta*, in short—must sparkle, must please, must have point and perfection of form to balance their lightness of matter?

#### Theological and Religious Literature

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER—of whom one cannot complain as writing too many books—sends forth a volume of discourses entitled 'Waymarks; 1870-1891.' There is one sermon or address for every year, and to each is prefixed a page or two descriptive of the occasion that called it forth. A glance at the table-of-contents shows the wide range of Bishop Potter's activities and sympathies, as well as the catholic cast of his mind. On the great occasions of national crisis and sorrow when prayer and mourning come out of the American heart, in times of public and private loss in the decease of useful men, when standing before the men of science, or in presence of his fellow-presbyters and bishops, we find the same keen sense of propriety, combined with power as a master of assemblies. After 'strength and beauty,' 'appropriateness' seems to be the particular word the critic must write over all the work of this scholar and preacher. One of the sermons, on the American Church in Paris, shows the patriot loyal to the ideal of a Republic, and believing in it as a foster-mother of virtues equally, at least, with a monarchy. The last and twenty-first discourse was pronounced at the consecration of Dr. Phillips Brooks as Bishop of Massachusetts. Clear, forcible and singularly fitted to accomplish the end in view is each discourse, despite the fact that one here misses the superb elocution and magnetic presence of the living speaker. The accompanying notes to the chapters form a valuable contribution to the ecclesiastical and sociological history of the past two decades. (\$1.75. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

'POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS of the Episcopal Church' is the title of a series of articles which appeared originally in *The Churchman*, and was richly worth reprinting. Its author is the rector of Grace Church, New York, who is called on the title-page 'Dr. William Reed Huntington, as if he were a physician. The Rev. Dr. Huntington takes up the commonest charges brought against the Episcopal Church—*viz.*, that it magnifies empty forms and ceremonies, knows nothing of a change of heart, is given over to worldliness, is narrow and exclusive, is honeycombed with Romanism, and finally that it is a house divided against itself. To every one of these 'misconceptions' the non-episcopal communions have long said, 'It is true.' It was about time that the Episcopal Church should have a defender, and one of such high character, ability and standing that his defence will be skillful and authoritative. Dr. Huntington meets all these requirements. As a good specimen of his treatment, take the chapter on the alleged worldli-

ness of the Church. He first carefully defines worldliness in thought and life, then denies that the Episcopal Church has any more sins to answer for in this line than any other Church, while confessing that it is open to rebuke in its individual members just as any other Church is. There is no special pleading in the defence, and there is manly commonsense. So, also, in handling the equally persistent charge of Romanism, he first defines then calmly and convincingly shows wherein Romanism and the Episcopal Church part company. But where all the chapters are so good it is better to commend the book as a whole. (25 cts. James Pott & Co.)

IN THE SERIES of English Leaders of Religion we have the fourth issue, which is devoted to Charles Simeon, whose life covered the period from 1759 to 1836. Although on this side of the Atlantic the name of Simeon is not widely known beyond the clerical readers of 'Horæ Homileticæ,' yet its bearer may be considered the founder of the Low Church party in England. His influence as preacher, theologian, author and Churchman was both wide and deep. His impassioned evangelical sermons at first roused opposition, but before many years had passed he was the centre of a vast and pervading influence in the Anglican Church. He was the friend of many of the missionaries, including Henry Martin. His 'conversation circles' were features of his work upon which, after his death, his pupils, many of them eminent, loved to dwell in spoken word and written book. Mr. H. C. G. Moule, the biographer, tells quite fully and interestingly the story of Simeon's life, from birth to death, and of his works wrought with voice and pen. The volume contains all that a good book should have, from almost speaking portrait to full index. Simeon's method of thought and preaching was eminently Scriptural and catholic. 'I say in words,' he wrote, 'what these thirty years I have proclaimed in deeds, that the truth is not in the middle and not in one extreme, but in both extremes' (p. 97). 'Calvinism and Arminianism were two extremes which should be included in a Christian's faith as they were in Paul's.' (London: Methuen & Co.)

THE GIFT OF THE VISION of beauty which Jehovah conferred upon his Greek child, and the power in the vision of righteousness with which he anointed the Hebrew, seem to have been conjoined and awarded to the author of 'Bible Teachings from Nature.' The Rev. Hugh Macmillan, LL.D.—after opening the Gate Beautiful to the eyes of many readers on both sides of the Atlantic, and bidding them to see the glories of the Creator's hand both in immensity and in minutiae,—has written another book of no less value than the first. It is entitled 'The Gate Beautiful, and Other Bible Readings for the Young.' It opens the treasures of revelation and of nature, and presents to its readers gifts of the gold, frankincense and myrrh of language and thought. Out of the barberry and the darkness as well as the emerald and the rainbow, tender and inspiring lessons are derived, and set forth in chaste language. Every page is interesting, for of all the lovely things in art, nature, religion and literature, Dr. Macmillan seems easy master. His style has been but ripened and chastened with the flight of years. Young people and old alike will enjoy this book, and ministers will welcome it as fertilizing and suggestive. (\$1.25. Macmillan & Co.)

'A CYCLOPEDIA of Nature's Teachings' is a well-arranged and well-digested selection of facts, observations, suggestions, illustrations and examples, and illustrative hints taken from all departments of inanimate life. It is intended as a preacher's assistant in garnishing and illuminating the edifice of his solid thought. It is both a collection and a selection, and copiousness and good taste are its distinguishing features. Accurately, and with good literary presentation of the facts, the author tells of things above, upon, under and around the earth; the phenomena of air, water, and the cosmic forces that have the universe for their arena; the wonder of plants and minerals on the globe; the subterranean potencies and treasures; and the things formed and found where land and water meet. Added to this wonderful storehouse of facts and thoughts, selected from the writings of the men of science who have written in the modern tongues and the men of seeing who used Hebrew, Chaldean and Greek for their medium of communication, are many pages of short sentences on nature topics. The Rev. Hugh Macmillan furnishes a brilliant and sympathetic introduction—a porch well befitting the temple to which it leads. The keys of this treasure-house—almost a Pithom or treasure-city, we might say—are on two rings, one bearing the tag of an 'index of topics' and the other that of an 'index of mottoes and truths illustrated.' Among many helps to the preacher, we think this one of the very best, and likely to be utilized by many who eschew the cheap and trite collections usually made more with scissors and paste than with brains and taste. (\$2.50. T. Whittaker.)



DR. JAMES STALKER is one of the younger and abler ministers in the Free Church of Scotland. He is also one of the scribes instructed in the things of the Kingdom of Heaven, who give to things old the flavor of new fruit, and to things new the mellow taste of old wine. Talking or writing on subjects as ancient as the hills, he charms with surprising freshness of style and method. After his 'Imago Christi' and lives of St. Paul and Christ, his American audience was already assured for him when he came to New Haven to deliver the annual course of lectures on the Lyman Beecher foundation. Taking for the wisp that binds his sheaf the title 'The Preacher and His Models,' he told the young men of Yale Divinity School of the preacher as a man of God, as a patriot, as a man of the Word, as a false prophet, as a man, as a Christian, as an apostle, and as a thinker. His models are, of course, those of the Bible, but his examples are drawn also from the preachers, past and present who spoke in neither Greek nor Hebrew. Rich in diction, brilliant in style, genuinely Christian in spirit, Dr. Stalker's book is well worthy of study, not only by the novice, but by the veteran. The author adds an introductory chapter and an ordination charge given by him a few years ago. From among many nuggets in text or notes we quote that on page 115, on the Rev. John Macmillan's method of constructing a sermon:— 'Begin low; proceed slow; rise higher; take fire; when most impressed, be self-possessed; to spirit wed form; sit down in a storm.' (\$1.50. A. C. Armstrong & Son.)

OUR CENTURY is the century of hymnology. Probably at no other time in the history of Christendom has there been so much inquiry into the origin of the jewels of song now so numerous in the thesaurus of the Church catholic. The German contingent numbers one hundred thousand, and to the grandeurs of the ancient and mediæval praise-songs are to be added the unnumbered host in those modern vernaculars which have been touched and vivified by the Holy Spirit. One of the latest volumes exploiting this great theme is 'Gospel Singers and Their Songs,' by the late F. D. Hemenway, D.D., whose manuscripts have been abridged and edited by the Rev. Charles M. Stuart, B.D., who has added essays on the hymns of the two latest Christian centuries. Seven chapters treat of the general subject of the singer and the song, and the ancient, mediæval, German and English hymns, a special essay being devoted to Watts and Wesley. We have in this unpretending volume a rich fund of information, many choice anecdotes, and much elucidation, very pleasantly conveyed, of the origin of many favorite hymns. (80 cts. Hunt & Eaton.)— 'LOVE AND FORGIVENESS' is a pamphlet containing some well-expressed reflections suggested by Prof. Drummond's 'Greatest Thing in the World.' It is translated from the German, and is intended to reinforce and apply the thought contained in Drummond's address. (35 cts. Little, Brown & Co.)

IN 'A CHICAGO BIBLE-CLASS' Ursula N. Gestefeld sets forth the results of studies in the Bible and meditations thereupon. The main question of personal religion is, to her mind, not 'What church do you belong to?' but 'Where is your level in the thought-world?' 'Mind, not creed, is the measure of the man.' Instead of handing on 'the traditions of the elders,' she would set forth wholesome heresy, for 'a heretic is a redeemer.' 'The heretic helps nobly in doing the world's work.' Beginning with 'The Similitude of Adam's Transgression' and going on to 'The Letter and the Spirit,' 'The Immaculate Conception,' 'The Temptation in the Wilderness,' etc., the author expounds, with more or less clearness, her peculiar views—perhaps we might say the views which are becoming increasingly prevalent. In bursting the barriers of tradition and sailing out on the great sea of speculation, she seems to reck little of chart, compass or headland. In uttering prophecies of private origin, some may feel that she is borne along by the same spirit that moved the holy men and women of old; and this would be our own feeling if she held a little more to the facts of history and dealt less freely, vaguely and grandiloquently in speculations, and especially in her exploitation of what we may call her spiritual-sex theory. In general her point of view, not always so coherently or lucidly set forth, may be gathered from parts of paragraphs on pages 15 and 270:— 'We see how, by one man, death entered into our world, and how all men have so sinned because all men are, individually, this one Adam. Then we see that we are not sinners because Adam did sin in the past, but because we are Adams. \* \* \* Let us cease to look after a dead and gone Jesus! Let us rather look forward to that living Jesus which every one of us must and will conceive and bring to birth through our purity.' The book is suggestive, but logical argument does not seem to be the author's forte. If she be a seer, a little more lucidity in the vision will be in order in a second edition. (\$1.50. United States Book Co.)

AN EXCELLENT BOOK, 'by a layman,' giving an unconventional view of the life of Christ, has come to a deserved second and revised edition. It is entitled 'Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth.' No attempt is made to show the correlation, real or reputed, between the words or acts of Jesus and the dogmas and creeds of ecclesiastical organizations. The author earnestly tries to set before his readers Christianity as Jesus left it. He thus enables us to contrast the one foundation with the various superstructures which have been reared upon it. A simpler Christianity is urgently needed, for if one thing is certain, it is that there is a surplus of dogma and a deficit in true religion. The great example is shown in the form of 'incidents,' a short chapter being given to each scene or action of Christ's life, and the conversations and sayings are felicitously set in their proper places. Children will read this book with pleasure and adults with relish. (\$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons.)— A MEMORIAL of a beautiful character and a true Christian reaches us in the form of ten of his sermons printed in a neat and handy volume. The late Rev. Henry Wilde Foote was pastor of King's Chapel, Boston. This quaint old stone church—'a rock amid the waves of time'—still stands on Tremont Street. The half-score of discourses are expository of the Lord's Prayer, and have thus a marked unity of thought and style. The volume is entitled 'Thy Kingdom Come.' Thoughtfulness, deep experience of life, acquaintanceship and communion with spiritual realities, and a fine command of clear and simple language are the characteristics most manifest in these sermons. Mr. Foote had a hatred of mere formalism in words or acts, and, loving to tear away the wrapper from the contents of truth, he pressed ever on to the reality within. The sermon on the petition, 'Hallowed be Thy name,' is a strong example in point, and recalls the power and vividness of Robertson of Brighton. This memorial of a scholar and Christian teacher—one of the brightest ornaments of the Unitarian pulpit—will be welcome to many. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)

IN SMALL COMPASS, but exceedingly well-written, is 'The Story of the Exodus,' by Frances Younghusband—a lady who evidently believes that books for children should, above all things, be accurate in statement. Reproducing in simple language the story as given in the Bible, she has also illuminated the subject by excellent illustrations, and by wise use of the results of scholarship and exploration. The little volume, thus compacting much riches of interest and information, is Part II. in the author's series of the Story of the Bible. (Longmans, Green & Co.)— 'PROGRESSIVE PROTESTANTISM' is a pamphlet, by an anonymous theological bushwhacker, who conducts a personal assault on a prominent theologian from behind the ambush of 'Sixtus.' It professes to be a review of the controversy now agitating the Presbyterian Church, and especially of Prof. Briggs's utterances and publications and those of his defenders. Intended to be a defense of the traditional theology generally known as 'Calvinism,' as against the more Scriptural and scientific views now increasingly accepted by thoughtful men, its literary value is slight enough. (Charles L. Webster & Co.)

MR. THOMAS LAKE HARRIS still lives, though Laurence Oliphant is dead, and Mr. Harris's various disciples and victims are numerous and widely scattered. From the seat of his philosophical and other industries, at Fountain Grove, California, he sends out a thick pamphlet entitled 'God's Breath in Man and in Humane Society.' With a new introduction, most of the work is, we gather, a reprint of his publications of 1867. Perhaps the gist of the three hundred or more pages may be found in a specimen paragraph on page 9:— 'I seek to demonstrate that there is a divine-natural or redemptive evolution, by means of which man at the present time, may advance into a higher mode of respiration which has two equivalences. By the first, which is divine-natural, the breath of the Divine Logos or Word may flow forth, through his respiratory organs, by gradual transformations in organism, to initiate organic conditions in which those respirations shall be consciously realized, according to its function, in each organ of the frame; God thus made veritably and actually present and realizable in man by the divine redemptive mode.' Most of the paragraphs of the book, though not all of them, are as lucid and intelligible as this one. Mr. Harris's day is past. (Santa Clara, Cal.: T. L. Harris.)— UNABLE AT THIS writing to fill his pulpit, the Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor preaches to his vast reading clientèle by means of fresh and stimulating books. In 'Ruth the Gleaner and Esther the Queen,' he leaves the men of the Bible and treats of two of the most famous female characters of the heroic days of Hebrew history. In 'Ruth the Gleaner' we do not think he quite reaches the high-water mark of expository power shown in previous works, but in 'Esther the Queen' he seems to have employed his old-time skill, and is interesting, suggestive and effective. He has

a wonderful power of adapting the truth and applying to the present life of his hearers the old stories and the eternal principles. The book is handsomely printed and indexed. (\$1.50. Harper & Bros.

IN 'HOLY NAMES as Interpretations of the Story of the Manger and the Cross,' by the Rev. Julian K. Smyth, we have a tender and reverent but uncritical exposition of the famous prophecy in Isaiah IX., 6. Accepting the 'authorized' and revised versions, neither of which fully satisfies the requirements of modern critical and thoroughly honest translation, the author writes both in sympathy with the joy of Christmas and in harmony with the news of the New Church. Prefixed to each discourse is an appropriate selection of poetry, and in the appendix are several chapters intended to prove the authenticity of the virgin birth and to satisfy doubts on other equally grave subjects. The result is another illustration of the peculiar doctrines of Swedenborgianism. The names quoted from the prophet are never applied in the New Testament to the Son of Man. The book belongs rather to the domain of devotional reading, and is an aid to meditation rather than to the strengthening of faith or the satisfying of doubts—unless the reader belongs to the same order of faith with the writer. (\$1. Roberts Bros.)

'THE PROGRAM of Christianity' was laid down by the 'Great Unnamed' prophet, whose writing is bound up with the 'burdens' of Isaiah, as early as five or more centuries before Christ. It is found in the chapter numbered LXI., and was reproclaimed by Jesus in or near his first public teaching in the synagogue of Galilee. It is expounded in terse and telling, as well as sweet and winning, phrase by Prof. Henry Drummond, who knows how to state old truths in new form. He finds the fundamentals of Christianity in 'Liberty,' 'Comfort,' 'Beauty' and 'Joy.' These are what the Church and all Christians must bring forth and give as proofs of the reality of their profession, and evidences that they are doing the Master's work. The pamphlet is handsomely presented. (35 cts. James Pott & Co.)—FROM TIME to time popular manuals for the solution, or at least the elucidation, of so-called 'Biblical difficulties' are hopefully put forth. One of the latest is by the Rev. J. Hendrickson McCarthy, M.D., D.D., who writes under the title of 'Fact and Fiction in Holy Writ; or, Book and World Wonders.' Most of the objections brought by people of a skeptical turn of mind the author believes to be ill-founded. The difficulty found by the average modern and Occidental man in understanding or interpreting ancient and Oriental conceptions, expressions or environment, lies at the root of vulgar and shallow infidelity. To one who has lived in Biblical or even Oriental lands, or who possesses culture enough to keep a level head upon his shoulders, much of Dr. McCarthy's reasoning seems like beating the air. For the half-educated young man, however, who takes his opinions out of the daily newspapers and never thinks of going to sources, this little manual will prove of great value. It is lively, stimulating, readable, and well correlated to modern instances and popular science. Occasionally the style is 'loud,' or hackneyed, like that of some of the heterodox platform lecturers whom the author has in his eye. (\$1. Hunt & Eaton.)

#### Magazine Notes

THE first number of *The Idler*, the new London magazine edited by Jerome K. Jerome and Robert Barr, reaches us under the imprint of Charles L. Webster & Co. of New York. It is rather queerly made up. Mark Twain in sanguine, with a corn-cob pipe in his mouth, does duty as frontispiece; then we have the first chapters of 'The American Claimant,' which has been running through a number of American newspapers so long that it is nearly finished, though just begun in *The Idler*. 'Enchanted Cigarettes,' by Andrew Lang, we are almost sure has been 'syndicated' over here, as well as the interview with Mark Twain by Luke Sharp. 'This conglomerate interview,' says the interviewer, 'will now be concluded by a poem from the pen of Oliver Wendell Holmes, which, so far as I know, has never before been published in England.' Perhaps if the industrious Luke Sharp had looked sharper he would have seen the poem in question copied in the English papers at the time of its original appearance in *The Critic*, for which journal Dr. Holmes wrote it in honor of Mark Twain's fiftieth birthday (30 Nov., 1885). Doubtless it was credited to *The Critic* when copied at that time, but Mr. Sharp appears to think it something entirely new and strange. The editors of *The Idler* will have to bestir themselves, unless they want the title of their magazine to be interpreted in other than a Pickwickian sense.—We have received the last bound volume of *The Open Court* (Feb. 26-Dec. 31), pages 2716 to 3086. It is a Chicago periodical, published weekly during the greater part of the year, and 'devoted to

the work of conciliating Religion with Science.' We are glad the task is in stronger hands than our own.

That the breach between Science and Religion has long been wide and deep and well-nigh irreparable, Dr. Andrew D. White continues to demonstrate in *The Popular Science Monthly*. A chapter on astronomy, in his Warfare of Science series, appears in the March number. The exertions made by both Catholics and Protestants to suppress the teachings of Copernicus and Galileo are set forth with circumstantiality. The organ is the subject of the article in the American Industries series. The author is Mr. Daniel Spillane, whose disquisition is fully illustrated. Mr. Carroll D. Wright compares the area and population, and the cost of each department of public works, in fifty cities of the United States, correcting some prevalent opinions as to which cities have the most expensive governments. The cotton industry of Brazil is described by Mr. John C. Branner, formerly assistant geologist of the Brazilian Geological Survey, who does not think the country will become a competitor of the United States in this industry. An interesting account is given, with illustrations, of the elder Kipling's 'Beast and Man in India'; and a sketch, with portrait, of the late meteorologist, William Ferrel; also an autobiographical sketch of Justus von Liebig.

Two apparently excellent portraits appear in the February *English Illustrated*. A woodcut from a photograph of the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P. (leader of the Government in the House, as his uncle, Lord Salisbury, is its leader among the Peers), is the frontispiece; and H. J.'s two-page paper on Mrs. Humphry Ward is illustrated with a reproduction of a picture—representing the novelist seated and looking up from a book which lies open in her lap—that was painted in 1889 by Mr. Julian Story, son of the sculptor-poet and husband of the *prima-donna*, Miss Emma Eames. The account of the First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Balfour, is by Mr. Henry W. Lucy, G. W. S.'s alternate as London correspondent of the *Tribune*. Mr. Henry James's 'Nona Vincent' begins in this number, and Mrs. Oliphant's 'Girl of the Period' not only begins but comes to a full stop. All of these contributions are illustrated; and so are the two intended to gratify our curiosity as to how pianos and locomotives are made.

#### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Mrs. Pott's 'Francis Bacon and his Secret Society.'—Mrs. Henry Pott, the editor of Bacon's 'Promus,' in which note-book of the philosopher she finds much material which he afterwards worked into the Shakespeare plays, has just published a book of four hundred and more closely printed pages, entitled 'Francis Bacon and his Secret Society,' brought out in this country by Messrs. Francis J. Schulte & Co. of Chicago. The Society is that of the Rosicrucians, of which she believes Bacon to have been the founder. She may or may not be right in believing that this society did not exist before 1575, but she by no means proves that it originated with Bacon. It would be a waste of argument to attempt to refute the conclusions of a writer who, after 'the great cryptogram' has been utterly demolished again and again, refers to 'Mr. Donnelly's great discovery of a cipher in the Shakespeare Folio of 1623,' cites 'the cipher narrative' as authentic history, and predicts that 'when Mr. Donnelly's cipher system shall be brought to bear on the second part of "Henry VI." it will be found that the erection of a certain paper-mill 'is recorded in cipher.' This mill is mentioned in the first of two chapters treating of 'paper-marks' used before and during the time of Bacon. These, in the opinion of Mrs. Pott, have a peculiar secret significance. She tells us that there are three of these marks especially associated with Francis Bacon and his brother Anthony; and these 'are to be seen throughout the printed books we ascribe to Francis, and one in particular is in the paper in which he and Anthony and their most confidential friends corresponded, whether in England or abroad.' These marks are '1. The bunch of grapes. 2. The pot, or jug. 3. The double candlesticks.' The mythical meaning of each is duly set forth, and illustrated by quotations from Bacon and Shakespeare. Twenty-seven full-page plates are also given, each illustrating a dozen or more of these cryptographic paper-marks. All this might have a certain interest for anybody writing the history of the paper manufacture in England.

It is painful to know that Mrs. Pott is said to be in danger of going the way of poor Delia Bacon and Mrs. Ashmead-Winkle. A gentleman in whom I have implicit confidence tells me that a friend of his lately received a letter from England in which it is stated that 'Mrs. Pott's friends are concerned at what they fear are premonitions of a loss of mental balance on her part'; and he adds that 'he thought he detected symptoms of the same thing in a let-



ter which he himself recently had from her.' I sincerely hope that these apprehensions may prove to be groundless, for Mrs. Pott is said to be a most estimable woman, the mother of a promising family of children, and much endeared to a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

*The Bankside Edition of 'Pericles.'*—The fourteenth volume of the 'Bankside' Shakespeare reached me just before I went away on my summer vacation in July, and since my return in October I have been waiting for a favorable opportunity to notice the introduction at some length; but this must be postponed to a future day, if indeed I find space for it at all. Suffice it now to say that the volume maintains fully the high standard of the edition. The text printed face to face with that of the Folio of 1623 is the quarto of 1609. In the introduction, which fills nearly fifty pages, Mr. Appleton Morgan maintains with much ingenuity that Shakespeare wrote the whole play, and not merely the last three acts, minus the Gower prologues and the prose scenes, as many of the best critics now agree. (\$2.50. Shakespeare Society of New York.)

I learn that comparatively few copies of the limited 'Bankside' edition now remain unsold. Shakespeare scholars and the managers of college and other libraries should secure the work at once, or they run the risk of not being able to get it when it is complete. Only six volumes now remain to be issued.

*A Correction.*—In *The Critic* of Jan. 9, referring to 'the toad ugly and venomous,' I quoted a paper by 'Sir H. Davy'; but a friend reminds me that it was written by Dr. John Davy, who was Sir Humphry's brother. I took the passage from Rolfe's edition of 'As You Like It,' where it is ascribed simply to 'Davy,' and too hastily assumed that the editor meant Humphry Davy.

#### Emerson's Limitations as a Poet\*

IT WAS VERY gratifying to see such a large vote given for Emerson as worthy of a place in the list of distinguished English poets named by Mr. Gosse (*Critic*, Nov. 24, 1888). But I should like to express a few thoughts about him as an essayist and poet, and explain why, in my humble opinion, he can hardly be ranked with the greatest of those names of 'unassailed renown.' First, however, let me say that for forty years and more I have been a reader and enthusiastic admirer of Emerson's Essays and other prose works. How well I can remember how his first book, 'Nature,' came to us like a fresh young dawn of thought; and the battles we fought in those old days against young and old conservatives, who slowly, if ever, came to appreciate this great teacher of our century; and how heartily some of us accepted him as a fountain of intellectual and spiritual life, which still flowed on in later years with only new clearness and fulness.

It has always seemed to me (and I suppose it has been often said by others) that one of Emerson's distinguishing characteristics is that in almost all his prose he is a poet. Even when he deals mostly with facts, these facts find relations with an ideal conception. They are related to some broad principle, and illustrate it, and so become not only not dry and pale, but are full of juice and color, like ripe fruits. What in the hands of some thinkers are as ordinary pebbles conventionally or scientifically arranged, become in his hands luminous gems—and still better for their setting. Everything he uses has a value in illustrating an idea. Each sentence wears a precious jewel in its head. Every fact has a leading into other facts, and all radiate out into principles; so that nothing is unimportant, but each in turn becomes the centre of a nurturing thought. Thus Imagination, or the symbolizing faculty, is always present in his pages, and makes him, in a large sense, a poet and 'prophet of the soul.' This dual vision, which led him to give such value to Plato and Swedenborg, sets him outside of, if not above, most of the accredited thinkers of this century. Till we have this key to Emerson's genius, we fail to understand him completely. His essays are, in one sense, completer poems than many of those he has written in verse. For in

his verse, especially when rhymed, he is cramped for space and for free movement in expressing and illustrating his idea. And a consequence of this want of elbow-room, and of the necessity imposed upon him by rhymes and metres which are sometimes rather unmanageable, is an occasional lapse into a dissonant oddity of phrase—often very piquant in prose, but jarring in poetry; or at other times into a condensation which is like that of the atmosphere, and tends to obscurity.

It seems to me that, with Emerson, verse was not, as a general thing, so natural and congenial a form of expression that it drew him magnetically and irresistibly. I admit that marked exceptions must be made to this statement. And there are noble poems and parts of poems which seem the pure and spontaneous prompting of the Muse. Notably those where he is plainly swayed by a strong tide of emotion, or touched by some vivid fancy or natural picture—as in his 'Threnody,' the 'Rhodora,' 'The Amulet,' 'Rubies,' 'Each and All,' 'The Snow-storm' and parts of the 'Wood-Notes.' His poem, 'The Problem'—almost matchless as it is—is less an outflow of lyric expression than a brilliant mosaic of thoughts concisely and poetically expressed; a poem (in this respect, though not otherwise) like Gray's 'Elegy,' where many of the couplets, as there the quatrains, might change places without seriously dislocating the whole structure.

Though perhaps never guilty of writing *invita Minerva*, he is naturally more epigrammatic than lyric. It is only in the fusion of an emotion or an ideal that he flows. And even then his stream is roughened and impeded by serious technical limitations. For such long elemental wave-sweeps as Milton or Byron or Shelley or Keats delighted in, he was unfit. He lacked one essential element, the sensuous—and this includes the rhythmical sense. The form is slighted—the thought or the picture only prized. But every complete poet should be an artist too, and know how to wed beautiful thoughts to beautiful forms, and in the most harmonious union. Here, I think, was Emerson's deficiency. I am sure that in all times of literature, those poems will live longest that best fulfill the demand for a perfect soul in a perfect body.

But what then? Shall we quarrel with our poet because he is not a complete rhythmical artist? Shall we not rather trust to the impression he makes by the rare thought and original diction shining through lines which are incomplete, which are halting, odd, extravagant, or obscure, but which are so much a natural way he has of expressing himself that they may be said to be full of 'an art that Nature makes'? The imperfect structure of many of his poems can never hide from us those wonderfully graphic touches wherein he is so alive to Nature—those memorable couplets or those 'skyeey sentences' (a term he so felicitously applies to Shakespeare),—or those happy condensations of thoughts into phrases that have become as household words to us.

As to the question of rank of this or that poet, or of comparison of one with another, my feeling is that there can be little profit in such speculation, even in the form of professional criticism. I don't think that musicians hold many warm debates about the respective merits of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert or Schumann. When we see, hear, feel Beauty, we acknowledge and applaud it. I think we grow less and less inclined to be dogmatically critical as to the relative greatness of the plays of Shakespeare; and we don't stand debating whether the sunset of last evening was finer than that of a week ago.

Whatever the technical imperfections of Emerson's verse, it is beyond question that we are lifted by his rare though broken music into chambers of thought and mystical sentiment, to which few poets of our day have the key. If he is not a great poetic artist, he is a great seer and inspirer—and of prose-poets our first.

C. P. CRANCH.

\* This interesting essay was written by the late Mr. Cranch three years ago.—Eds. *Critic*.

## London Letter

FROM PULPITS throughout the length and breadth of the land were poured forth on Sunday last tributes to the memory of the great Nonconformist leader whose loss England had last week to deplore. Such a man as Charles Spurgeon is born only once in a great while; and the united testimony borne to his powers, his influence, his uprightness and holiness of life, his purity of motives, and above all, perhaps, to his personal poverty while handling great sums of money for which no account was demanded, evinced the feelings with which he was regarded, not only those of his own school of thought, but English people generally.

It was my good fortune to be at Eastbourne (whither Mr. Spurgeon had resorted while hopes of his recovery were yet entertained), and to hearken to the graphic and eloquent funeral sermon which the popular Presbyterian divine, Mr. J. C. Wilson, delivered on the occasion. While listening, I recalled a scene at the Tabernacle—that vast building erected to contain Spurgeon's congregation—some five-and-twenty years ago. We had gone, a merry young party, not exactly to laugh, but certainly on the alert to catch up anything unusual, piquant, 'risky,' that the great preacher should let fall. We were, in short, eager to hear some of 'Spurgeon's gems.' What did we hear? I will frankly own that there were some very quaint observations and similes made—they have stuck by me to this day!; but these were as the merest drops in the bucket, compared with the rush and flood of that impassioned eloquence, which, seeming as it did to burst from the very depths of the preacher's soul, forced its way into ours; and I think not a few present but would at the close have echoed the words of the walkers to Emmaus, 'Did not our hearts burn within us while He spake?' Our preacher on Sunday last had an almost similar experience to narrate. He and divers other gay young students started forth to hear Spurgeon, on the *qui vive* for wit and oddity,—they came away dumb. 'The impression of that sermon, and that service,' said Mr. Wilson, 'has never left me—never will leave me.'

One little anecdote of Spurgeon in his lighter vein I may be pardoned for recording, as it contains a piece of very wholesome advice. He had been condemning the practise of cherishing sorrow, 'nursing and fondling it.' 'Why, if you have a bitter pill to take,' he exclaimed, 'swallow your pill. Gulp it down; *don't chew it.*' Oh, how many good folks there are in the world who would be the better for taking to heart this sunshiny counsel, and resolving in future not to 'chew their pills'!

The coffin containing Spurgeon's remains was placed yesterday upon a platform in front of the rostrum from which he was wont to preach in the Tabernacle, and during the day some seventy or eighty thousand people, principally belonging to the working classes, passed before it. Many poor women, I am told, came in straight from their work or marketing, with their bundles and baskets; laboring men came with their tools—all were solemnized, and some deeply affected. Indeed, a loss more truly to be deplored, and more widely to be felt, it is hard to imagine, and following as it does so closely on that of other noble champions of Christianity, the blow is all the heavier. Who will fill the blanks left by this last year? Religion, science, literature, art—all have suffered, and in all directions it seems as though the worthiest had fallen.

One scarcely likes to go on to notice these, yet the death of Sir Morell Mackenzie ought not to pass unmentioned. Perhaps a man more misunderstood and misrepresented has never lived than the eminent physician with whose name that of the Emperor Frederick of Germany will always be united in the minds of English-speaking people. Could he but have controlled his ready tongue and pen, so as to disarm malice, could he but have learned to live down envy and detraction, he would have led a happier life; but I am told by those who knew him well and watched him closely, that he could hardly have led a nobler one. He was the friend of the poor, the generous helper of the destitute, and the resolute maintainer of what he believed to be the right course through every difficulty. Mr. Edmund Yates contributes a well-written and warmly eulogistic article on Morell Mackenzie to *The World* to-day.

What are we to think? What are we to believe? No sooner have we disposed of Mr. Donnelly and his 'Baconian theory,' but there starts up a certain Mr. White, who essays to prove that 'Our English Homer'—Shakespeare, to wit—was not an individual at all, but a compound of contemporary writers, such as Bacon, Greene, Marlowe, Nash and Chapman,—that Sweet Will was merely a spectator of the productions of these others, and that among them Bacon was the head and front! Bacon wrote 'Hamlet,' and revised the other plays! Mr. White has very little opinion—as is natural—of Mr. Donnelly. Not that he throws cold water on the latter's cryptographic discoveries altogether; he 'does not pretend,' he says, 'that there is no cryptogram in Shakespeare's plays,' only he is sure 'Mr. Donnelly errs in thinking he has dis-

covered one.' Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. have produced Mr. White's book, and I am rather surprised at so respectable a firm's having done anything so foolish. I recollect, moreover, that Mr. Donnelly's theory also emanated from St. Dunstan's House.

Prof. Herkomer's lecture on Scenic Art was not very much, after all. As Mr. Bram Stoker (Mr. Irving's talented manager) whispered subsequently in my ear:—'He has told us nothing we did not know before. It is all very fine in theory, but in practice it won't work.' For my own part I did not understand what Prof. Herkomer was talking about, but I liked to hear his harsh, ringing voice, and to look at his somewhat wild, uncanny face. Mr. Herkomer is quite a man of the people, untrained, illogical, self-reliant, and withal possessing something of the divine spark. He is proud of his humble origin, and frequently refers to his childhood, and to early struggles and obscurity. Obviously he would like to be the guiding light of acting managers, and to teach them—if we may so speak—their own business; but judging from what buzzed about in the tea-room beneath the stage, where Mr. Henry Arthur Jones received his guests at the Avenue Theatre when the lecture was over, 'the profession' generally did not see it.

One of the best addresses lately delivered to literary London was that by Mr. Edmund Gosse at the annual meeting of the College for Men and Women, when his subject was 'Reading as a Recreation.' I hope the address may be printed, for it is impossible to quote, where so much was excellent. The plea that people should be free to read the books they *really like*,—the plea that in different moods one is pleased by different authors (or even by different productions of the same author),—the plea that 'it is impossible to restrain a genuine taste for literature within the limits of a handful of accepted classics,'—each one of these, and many more put forth by Mr. Gosse, appealed to the sympathies of every true lover of books present. 'There are moods,' he cried, 'in which it is our privilege not to be serious; and then the second-rate and the third-rate literature has its day—the queer books and the silly books—the books that ran too far ahead of their age, and the books that lagged too far behind. \* \* \* Anything for liberty and sympathy. If I want to be bored, I will be bored with what I choose. The heart must choose the book which shines upon it. Experience alone can tell us where we shall find the sympathy of which at the moment we are in need, among those silent servants 'within whose folding, soft, eternal charm we love to lie.'

After such a confession of faith I feel emboldened to confess that I could never pound through the solemn mazes of 'Robert Elsmere,' and regard with absolute terror the dreary lengths of 'David Grieve.' The theological novel has for me—and I suspect for a good many others, if they durst own as much—no 'folding, soft, eternal charm.' Consequently it was with some internal misgiving that I found myself alone with 'Edna Lyall' a few days ago. But the author of 'Donovan' and 'We Two' was so modest, gentle, and unassuming, so entirely unspoiled by success, that all preconceived notions vanished in a breath, and with equal swiftness vanished the hours in which we talked. 'Edna Lyall' has a noble brow—the brow of a *thinker*; otherwise she is hardly beautiful, though her photographs have done her scant justice. She looks very young, and—crude as in some respects it is—one can scarcely realize that 'Donovan' was written twelve years ago. She is now busy upon a new work which will run as a serial in *Good Words* throughout the coming year.

L. B. WALFORD.

## Boston Letter

NOTHING in the way of news about play-writing will interest Bostonians so much; since we first heard of Mr. Howells's dramatized novel being put on the stage, as the information, which I am enabled to give, that Mr. A. M. Palmer of New York is to produce soon a two-act drama by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. If practicable the play will be brought out during the present season; if not, at the beginning of next winter. Should Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's 'Col. Carter' have a long run, Mr. Aldrich's drama will be postponed. There was a rumor that Mr. Franklin Sargent had secured a dramatic work from Mr. Aldrich, but it probably arose from a confusion in information.

The pictures by Mr. Ross Turner, the well-known Boston artist, are now on exhibition at Doll & Richard's, where lately Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's paintings were shown. Mr. Turner's work is in two groups, one showing a series of Bermuda pictures, with all their rich luxuriousness, and the other the more familiar, less picturesque but yet beautiful views of New England, the famous old town of Salem and the coast of Maine being represented especially.

Regarding Mr. Smith's exhibition, I have been able to learn an interesting fact which ought to prove very encouraging to young



painters and may spur up the patrons of art to renewed vivacity in buying, since demand ought to increase (in financial form) as supply diminishes. Mr. Smith's collection, as is known, was exhibited in New York, and then the unsold balance (twenty-five pictures) was sent to Boston. In New York sixteen pictures were sold for \$4,850; in Boston nineteen were sold for \$5,500—an illustration, is it not, of Boston's superiority in taste and in liberality, especially since New York is the home of the painter? I understand that Mr. Smith painted the entire forty water-colors, which he exhibited, in the month of September, 1891, while he was in Venice, and assuredly \$10,350 is an unusual amount for a man to earn in a month with his brush. It indicates the value in which Mr. Smith's work is held.

Our Boston artists are very much excited over the action of the Fine Arts Department of the Columbian Exposition. They do not care to be snubbed by that department, nor do they care to admit that their power of execution or their skill in judgment is inferior to that of the very honorable artists who chance to hold residence in New York. The tempest burst when Bostonians were informed by Assistant Commissioner Kurtz that the Boston jury who are to decide upon the suitable works of art for exhibition at the Fair had already been chosen without consultation with Boston, and furthermore that the decision of that jury would not be final, but that the New York jury would have the power to reverse the opinion of the local judges if it so desired. The Boston artists have no objection at all to the jury selected (John J. Enneking, Edmund C. Tarbell, J. F. Cole, Ignaz Marcel Gauguengig, Frederic Porter Vinton), but they do object to Boston being completely ignored in the selection. Furthermore they think that there is no occasion for outsiders revising the decision of the local judges. As matters stand now it looks as if the number of exhibits from Boston in the Art Department would be very limited unless a change of system is made. Mr. Kurtz will take no action in the matter, but requests the artists to wait until Prof. Ives, chief of the department, arrives home from Europe.

From a friend abroad I hear that the most of our New England artists in Paris do not intend to prepare any new works especially for the World's Fair, but will send some of their old pictures. In fact, he says, they are not at all enthusiastic on the subject. Alluding to our artists in France reminds me of that painting by Maud Muller to which I referred in a recent letter about the Whittier birthday celebration. The painting is owned by Mr. Curtis Guild, the well-known journalist and author of Boston, and its origin is so peculiar that I trust Mr. Guild will pardon me for speaking of the history of his picture. It is a beautiful piece of work representing the maiden resting from labor and gazing into the distance with a far-off, thoughtful expression on her countenance. The face is somewhat more of a French peasant girl than a new England maiden, but the idea of rusticity is skillfully worked out and the effect of one little bit of sunshine darting in through the leaves upon the girl is pronounced by skillful artists as a remarkably clever effect. The flesh-tints of the arm are most beautiful, suggestive at once of Bouguereau's work—and thereby hangs a tale. The picture was bought by Mr. Guild as one of Miss Elizabeth J. Gardner's, and Miss Gardner is, as is well-known, a favorite pupil of Bouguereau. When in Paris, Mr. Guild, while talking with a prominent art-dealer, was surprised to hear this very picture mentioned and, if I remember the story rightly, to learn from the dealer that it was understood Bouguereau, through his interest in the subject, had put many finishing touches upon it before it was sent to America. The dealer then was surprised to learn that the very painting of which he spoke was owned by the gentleman to whom he spoke. Although Miss Gardner is held in high esteem as an artist, yet of course if the name of Bouguereau could be added to hers among the scattered leaves on the painted ground, the value of the picture would be greatly increased. Miss Gardner is an Exeter, N. H., lady, her brother having resided for years as the very next neighbor of the family of the late Dr. William Perry, the grandfather of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett. Miss Gardner is now painting a picture of three little girls feeding a bird which, when finished, is to be hung in the parlor of Mrs. Addee of Cincinnati. It is called 'Don't Move.' Mrs. Ross of Chicago, I am told, has purchased Miss Gardner's 'Salon' picture of this spring—a representation of a little boy helping a maiden across a running brook.

The Museum of Fine arts in this city is to be the richer by \$50,000, the will of Mrs. W. S. Appleton having a bequest to that effect. Harvard also receives from her estate \$50,000, while the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which Dr. Samuel A. Green has long been Secretary, the Boston Public Library, the New England Historic Genealogical Society and other institutions will receive \$10,000 each.

Herbert D. Hale, son of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, is following in the footsteps of his father, although by profession he is an archi-

tect. He is next to the youngest son of Dr. Hale and was graduated at Harvard in 1888. Last spring he returned from a trip through Europe and has since then written considerably for the *Commonwealth*, the weekly newspaper of which his father is associate editor; and for the magazines. The *Daily News* recently started a prize contest for story writers, and young Mr. Hale, with his tale of 'The Sorrows of Captain T. Swivel Gunn,' submitted under the *nom de plume* of 'Dudley,' won the third prize. Another son of Dr. Hale, Philip L. Hale, writes to the *Commonwealth* from Europe.

That very interesting sketch of early New England life, with which Mr. E. J. Carpenter delighted Bostonians when Little, Brown & Co. brought it out under the title of 'A Woman of Shawmut,' has had a remarkably successful sale. Within the first three months after its publication two editions and part of the third have been sold.

BOSTON, Feb. 23, 1892.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

## The Lounger

I DOUBT THAT there is an editor in America who is more beloved by his staff than Mr. George W. Childs of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. One of his associates said not long ago:—'It is little less than paradise to be in Mr. Childs's employ. He is the kindest and most generous of men. He not only pays every one about him well, but he pensions every man when he reaches a certain age.' He takes an honest pride in the fact that every man in his employ, from editor to porter, owns his own house. Apropos of the pensioning, it is told that his cashier came to Mr. Childs one day and said:—'Mr. —, whom you are paying a pension to, is a rich man. He is worth at least \$200,000. Shall I stop his pension?' 'For what reason?' asked Mr. Childs. 'Should a man be punished because he has been thrifty and saved his money?' So the pension was continued, and when the man died it was found that he had left, not \$200,000, but \$500,000.

I WAS IN PHILADELPHIA not long ago—a city I am very fond of, by the way—and spent a few moments with Mr. Childs in his oft-described office in the *Ledger* building. Although several people were waiting to see him, and two great piles of unopened letters lay upon his desk, he did not seem at all hurried, and had ample leisure to chat about old times—the time when I first knew him, and long before that. Speaking of the whirligig of time and the strange changes it brings about, he said that when he was a boy, as he swept the sidewalk in front of his employer's office he used to see a man driving down Chestnut Street behind a spanking team, whom he regarded with the greatest envy. He was the editor of a magazine—the leading one of its day—and he had just bought a Philadelphia morning paper for \$100,000—as big a sum of money in those days as \$1,000,000 is to-day. And this fortunate man, said Mr. Childs, had more than money: he had the friendship of all the distinguished men of the day—authors, painters, statesmen, lawyers—every one was welcomed to his house; and no one envied him more than the boy who rested a moment on his broom to follow him with admiring eyes. To-day that man has not a penny to call his own, or a friend to take him by the hand. He is upwards of eighty years of age, and blind, and Mr. Childs is paying for his care in a hospital. The poor old man dreaded being buried in a pauper's grave, so Mr. Childs made him happy by presenting him with a cemetery lot where he may rest knowing that his last home is paid for. A curious present one may think, but the one of all others that the man most cared to have.

THE PUBLISHERS of the *Troy Press* have shown such a hearty desire to make all possible amends in the matter of Mrs. Loughead's little book, 'The Man from Nowhere,' which they printed entire, instead of noticing it among their book-reviews, that the natural resentment of the author is appeased, and she has withdrawn any claim for damages incurred through a blunder which they themselves emphatically term 'inexcusable and incomprehensible.' The copy of the book sent to the paper for review somehow miscarried. An editor bought the book for his own entertainment, and decided to share his pleasure with the readers of the paper, and so appropriated the work entire, without consultation with his superiors or consideration of the matter of copyright.

THE QUESTION raised by Mrs. Loughead herself as to the sufficiency or insufficiency of the form of the announcement of copyright, is one that would be of interest if brought to a legal test. The title was duly copyrighted six weeks before publication, but the notice on the reverse of the title-page read simply, 'Copyright, 1891,' and was certainly sufficient to warn anyone that the matter was copyrighted—a claim backed by a valid property right, an

merely failing in the technical requirement that the name of the person or firm procuring the copyright shall be stated. It is only during the last few years that questions relating to copyright have been coming with any frequency before our courts, and an eminent lawyer recently remarked that less is known and determined upon this subject than upon any other question of jurisprudence.

THERE is a tone of melancholy in the March instalment of the Editor's Study in *Harper's*, in which Mr. Howells cries hail to Mr. Warner and farewell to the readers of the magazine. 'It is not given us entirely to rejoice in our successors,' he says with feeling as well as frankness; adding that 'the great question is, what changes will the successor make, and will they all be for the public good?' During the time that Mr. Howells has sat at the Study table he has made his readers acquainted with his sincerest beliefs. He has shattered their idols and raised up his own in their place, but no one who knows Mr. Howells believes that he breaks images simply to hear the crash as they fall to pieces. He believes that he has done a good work in the Study, and so he has, for by his attacks upon our favorites he has rekindled our enthusiasms. He draws a picture that would be humorous, were it not pathetic, of Mr. Warner, entering the Study 'looking curiously at the collection of moral bric-à-brac,' and asking himself 'what strange gods are these?' when he comes to the little side altars with the pictures or busts of canonized realists above them. 'Quickly he has them taken away, and the place that has known Tolstol knows him no more forever. Up goes the bust of Thackeray on his empty shrine, and all the newspapers think that Walter Scott has come to his own again.' It will be interesting to see what Mr. Warner does with the Study. That it will continue to be readable goes without saying; but he will not set our teeth on edge as Mr. Howells has often done by his iconoclasm. Mr. Warner's literary tastes are more like our own (my own, I mean), and I am anticipating a peaceful enjoyment of the Study in his company. As I recently heard a man say, whose intentions were better than his French, 'Lee roy is mort,—viver lee roy!'

MR. EDWARD W. BOK has estimated the average income of American authors to be not more than two thousand dollars. Col. T. W. Higginson, writing on 'The Comforts of Literature' in *The Christian Union*, thinks that this is 'a rather unexpected exhibit,' and that 'one would hardly have supposed the average to be so high.' He does not think that the 'average dentist or engineer or doctor or even lawyer has an income so large as this; while it is very certain that the average clergyman or teacher falls below it.' But, after all, Col. Higginson argues, it is not so much a question of money as of enjoyment of one's profession. 'Is it nothing,' he asks, 'that the author follows his own chosen pursuits, lives his own life. \* \* \* If he has not the alleged comfort of wealth, he has at least the comfort of poverty, which interferes far less than wealth with the pursuits of the scholar.'

NOW WHILE I FEEL with Col. Higginson that the pursuit of literature—like virtue—is its own reward, I am not so sure that the literary man enjoys his work much more than the stock-speculator and the pork-trader (whose callings are mentioned by Col. Higginson) enjoy theirs. Don't you suppose that the rise in stocks the other day brought as much joy to the hearts of the brokers who were on the winning side as a rise in the popularity of his books ever brought to the heart of an author? The speculator in stocks 'follows his chosen pursuit' as much as the author, and if one may judge by his appearance and manner, he gets quite as much solid comfort out of it. Literary people are apt to think themselves an envied class, and they are so, in a degree. The successful author is envied by the unsuccessful author; but I don't believe that the author, successful or unsuccessful, is envied by the speculator. Never having felt the joys of authorship, the latter can hardly be expected to envy one who has, while we all, when we hear of the man who made a hundred thousand dollars in an hour by a rise in stocks, feel a momentary pang of envy, if not a lasting one.

'IN A RECENT *Critic*,' writes Franc, 'I read with deep regret that Mr. Richard Harding Davis had departed for the "wild and lanate West." My regret was caused not so much by a sense of personal loss—for I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance,—nor did I feel that literature was to suffer depletion by his absence, the postal service still being extant. What I did fear were the nameless horrors evoked by that strange word "lanate." I had watched the flight of this young genius with that pride which one American must ever feel in the success of another; and now to know that he was to become a victim of that region which has already swallowed up so many of the brave—to say nothing of the Fair—was an

added sting. I pictured him in the grasp of a treacherous monster—for I was sure the lanate was a new species of beast, against which the effete civilization of the East would avail nothing. I haunted the Zoological Gardens, hoping to see a tame specimen; for certainty, no matter how cruel, was preferable to doubt. I studied Natural History, I read books of interminable travels, all to no purpose. I hesitated to seek sympathy or advice; I was afraid to be thought romantic,—afraid that I might be told 'What to you are the perils of Mr. Davis? Look at the stranger in your gates, the typhus Russian.' But no matter how strong-minded one may be, there is always the dumb friend. Mine is "Webster's Unabridged"; to that friend I turned in the extremity of my woe, and learned the mortifying truth that lanate was only an elegant way of saying "woolly,"—that it was no quadruped, biped or centipede; that it was no intoxicating drug or cyclone; in short that my fears were groundless. To blunder is human, but to hide one's blunder when perhaps a kindred soul might be saved is inhuman. Perhaps my frank avowal may be balm to some heart wounded like mine.'

'I AM DELIGHTED with this new University,' writes one of the professors at Leland Stanford, Jr., 'and what especially pleases me is that it is not science only, but literature too, that is giving its tone to the place. More than one-fourth of the five hundred students have elected English literature as their major study—a pretty stiff four years' course, by the way; and Dr. Jordan seems inclined to help the literary departments as much as possible. I know it is the opinion in the East that the University is only a large school of technology, but this is an error, I can assure you. Certainly literature and language have got the lion's share of the students, who appear to me to be a very intelligent set of young men and women—whereof the most convincing evidence is that *The Critic* in the Library is always well-thumbed!'

IT HAD BEEN HOPED that Mr. Lowell would make the Washington Birthday address on some eminent American, for the annual delivery of which one of the founders of the Brooklyn Institute provided in his will. Death having frustrated this expectation, Mr. George William Curtis was called upon to be the orator this year; and, according to announcement made months ago, his subject was James Russell Lowell, whose seventy-third birthday was coincident with Washington's 160th. It is praise enough to say that Mr. Curtis's oration was worthy both of its author and its theme. Circumstances made it eminently fitting that Lowell's should be the illustrious name set apart for celebration on the day in question, and Mr. Curtis's pre-eminence as a public speaker, together with his lifelong intimacy with Mr. Lowell, made it inevitable that he should be the chosen celebrant. The day was worthily honored at Ann Arbor, also, where ex-President Cleveland addressed some two thousand students at the University of Michigan on 'Sentiment in our National Life,' pointing out that the beginning of a public sentiment looking to the formation of the Union is clearly traceable to Washington's efforts. Lowell's birthday (the first which he himself had failed to celebrate) was commemorated by a musical service at Appleton Chapel, Cambridge, Mass.; and the Cambridge *Tribune* devoted its current issue to the memory of the poet-patriot, printing amongst other tributes a long letter from Dr. Holmes and briefer ones from the Rev. Drs. Andrew P. Peabody and Alexander McKenzie. Dr. Peabody very aptly said:—'As a lesson-hearer or a taskmaster, Mr. Lowell would have been inferior to the most obscure village teacher; as an educator, he was among the foremost of his time, or of any time.'

### The Creative Faculty in Women

IN HER ESSAY of Nov. 29, Miss Seawell said that the lines of Sappho that have come down to us 'could easily be surpassed, and have very often been surpassed, by Miss Edith Thomas or Miss Helen Gray Cone.' One of those highly gifted young ladies, abashed by the suggestion, sent us a modest and graceful 'Invocation' to the 'chantress of the Evening Star,' in which the 'invidious comparison' was duly deplored; but on second thoughts she decided that such a disclaimer might argue too acute a consciousness of self, and so withdrew it from publication and substituted the following:—

#### WORLD-WIDE FAME

Voices of genii through the wide air ran  
(Who knoweth, if in pity or in mirth?)—  
'See what vain-glory marks the ways of man!  
This had some honor in his native earth;



But not the nearest planet knew his name,  
And few of us can tell from whence he came—  
Yet the nude soul still boasts of world-wide fame !'

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Miss Seawell has nearly finished a new book—'Paul Jones: An Historical Romance,'—the most considerable work of the kind she has yet undertaken. Already she has had several offers for the right to publish it, both in book-form and as a serial. Paul Jones is her favorite hero, and it is a matter of regret to her patriotic mind that his ashes should repose in alien soil. Perhaps her romantic biography may stimulate such an interest in his personality as will lead to the bringing of his remains from France to America. Miss Seawell's next book for boys will be devoted to Decatur, and the struggle with the Algerine pirates, etc.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

May I be permitted to ask one question of Miss Seawell regarding her announcement that women have no creative ability? Namely, Has the time come yet for her, or anyone, to sit in judgment upon that point? Is it fair, to-day, to take the results of women's work, representing the education of only a generation or two, and compare it with what men have done, with their inheritance of opportunity, ever since the world began and say it is proven that women have no creative ability? Certainly the isolated cases which have been brought forward, even if Miss Seawell grants them to be exceptions, do not prove that women have creative ability as a whole.

Rubinstein, in his little volume just published, 'Conversations upon Music,' says:—'It is an error altogether in music, to say, *he* created the opera, *he* the symphony, *he* the string quartette, *he* the sonata, etc., and so on. Everything has its origin in many, and little by little; then one always appears who accomplishes the most beautiful in that particular form, and at once becomes the bearer of its name.' Is not the same true of all arts? And, as applied to women, has that 'origin in many' which 'little by little' shall prepare the way for that *one* who is to accomplish something beautiful enough to bear the name forever after of *her* creation,—has it, I ask, long enough, been an accomplished fact, through generations of scientifically educated women, to warrant our deciding to-day whether or no creative power exists in women? Would not one or even two hundred years from now be soon enough to positively settle the question? I heard one of the most famous living painters say of a young girl's work, not even knowing at the time that it was by a female, that it seemed to him to *promise* more than the work of almost any man he had ever seen. Isn't the promise contained in women's work thus far all we may justly give an opinion upon? And doesn't the promise of the past ten years contain some startling cases and a wonderful average?

F. J.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

To at least one reader of *The Critic*, Miss Seawell's much-vituperated article was the source of several moments of pure delight. It is not often that the everlasting woman question is treated with so much force and honesty by a woman, and the candid expression of the same opinions by a man is termed prejudice. Thus it happens that but little importance is attached to the discussion until the occasional Alice Bodington, Mrs. Lynn Linton, or Molly Elliot Seawell steps to the front and, with the feminine intrepidity which, once aroused, knows no control, takes up arms and opens fire against her sex and the popular side of a soul-wearying question.

There are few women who deep down in the mysterious depths of their hearts do not believe that Miss Seawell's position is correctly taken, but there are fewer still (shame to the boasted virtue of woman!) who have the courage to advocate that doctrine. The majority deem it better policy not to make so great a concession to husbands and brothers, who already are inclined to be overbearing and unwise in their own conceit. They agree with Mr. Howells's heroine, that 'discipline in the family must be maintained.'

It is not without some bitterness and a conscious struggle with pride, that a woman acknowledges, even to herself, that she has no creative power, and the public proclamation of that theory, as a matter of course, precipitated an avalanche of censure and scorn. In the case of Miss Seawell's paper, however, her critics seem not to have read it with much care, nor thought very seriously, nor written very honestly, about it. In their indignation they have forgotten to strike out from the shoulder and overthrow her position with sturdy blows of argument, but instead have caught up whatever missiles they chanced to have at hand and hurled them with

great emphasis, but very little effect upon Miss Seawell's logic. They have attacked her, instead of refuting her arguments.

Schopenhauer says that 'women are capable of very great talent, but never of genius,' because their minds are essentially subjective—receptive but not creative. Whenever the statement is made, that in every art and profession the names of men head the list for several inches, the ameliorators of the condition of women always cry out—promptly and mistakenly—'George Eliot!' They then proceed to give the names of a few isolated women of whom, usually, one never heard before, or whose exceptional intellectual excellence, at the best, has been good only in comparison with what their inferior sisters have done, not in comparison with what men have accomplished in the same line. George Eliot, the assailable pillar of hope, and the one woman whose gifts even approached genius, was only a novelist (we are acquainted, of course, with her essays and poems); and does any one consider the novel the highest form of literature? She did introduce a new fashion in novel-writing: the psychological novel acknowledges her as its parent; but she did not invent psychology nor mental analysis. She created nothing. She merely applied philosophy to art, and the power to apply and make profitable use of man's discoveries and contrivances has always been, pre-eminently, a feminine gift. The masterly logic, keen penetration, clear reason and vigorous expression, that made Napoleon quail before Mme. de Stael, would not have been phenomenal in a man, but even uncreative intellect in a woman causes her to be regarded as a freak. Had any man 'topped' Miss Fawcett as senior wrangler, the press, from the end of one hemisphere to the other, would not have rung with his name.

The unreasonableness of Miss Seawell's assailants is shown in the fact that the point they endeavor to controvert is, not that women have no creative faculty, but the old shopworn idea that women are intellectually inferior to men—a point which Miss Seawell discusses only incidentally. Originality or creative power is but one faculty of the mind, and its absence or presence alone would necessarily argue neither superiority in the one sex nor inferiority in the other. That may be as distinctly a masculine quality as the hirsute adornment of the face, and may simply demonstrate an intellectual difference in the sexes without drawing an odious comparison. Surely it is more natural and desirable that the minds of men and women should be complementary rather than identical. Who pauses to discuss the relative importance of the hammer and the nail; they differ in every particular, but the one is useless without the other. There are men and women interdependent upon each other, endowed with correlative faculties, upon the proper development of which depends the welfare, not of either sex, but of the human race. In intellect, woman may or may not be equal, equivalent (whatever one chooses to call it) to man, but the discussion of that point will forever be productive only of endless controversy and ineffectual quibbling over words. And, after all, that point is of no importance. But to ascertain the potential qualities of mind, emotional, intellectual or moral, in both men and women, is of the gravest importance, and it should be the effort of every student of human nature to carry on this investigation, earnestly and honestly, without prejudice, jealousy or bias.

If Miss Seawell began with the negative side of the question, no odium should be attached to that. She is one among many who are searching for the truth, and those who most severely criticize her would do better for their cause by listening to her side of the debate with patience, charity and courtesy, than by frantically heaping denunciation upon an honest writer.

MINNEAPOLIS.

F.

### George Pellew

MR. GEORGE PELLEW, a young author whose writings gave promise of a distinguished career, was found dead in the area of the house at 70 West Thirty-third Street, early on Thursday morning, Feb. 18. He was in evening dress, and had fallen and fractured his skull the previous night on his way home to the Alpine apartment-house at Broadway and Thirty-third Street. Mr. Pellew's work was not unknown to the readers of this paper, though only one of his articles had borne his signature—a review of 'Ten Years of American Literature,' printed on Jan. 17, 1891, *The Critic's* tenth anniversary. The criticism of the Riverside Edition of Mr. Lowell's works a year ago was his also; and a very interesting review of the Life of the Right Hon. Arthur M. Kavanaugh—that extraordinary Irishman who, born without legs and arms, achieved distinction both as a horseman and a politician. Mr. Pellew first attracted the attention of literary

folk ten years or more ago, while still at Harvard, by a monograph on the novels of Jane Austen. He was a great-grandson of the first John Jay, his father having married, successively, two sisters of the present bearer of that name. The following account of Mr. Pellew's brief life, in which he had laid up an unusual store of information, appeared in *The Sun* of Feb. 19:—

Mr. Pellew was the oldest son of Henry E. Pellew, who is a cousin of Viscount Exmouth and brother-in-law, as well as cousin, of the present Viscount Sidmouth. His mother was a sister of John Jay. He was born in England, the country of his father, in 1860, and was educated in this country, first at St. Paul's school, Concord, and later at Cambridge. He was graduated at Harvard in 1880, and three years later took his degree at the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar. He removed to this city about five years ago, and was admitted to the New York bar, but soon turned his attention to literature. When in college he was an editor of the *Advocate*, and wrote the Pudding poem and his class ode. In 1887 he travelled extensively in Ireland, and on his return published a book, 'In Castle and Cabin,' which was widely read and favorably commented on both in this country and in England. It was warmly reviewed in several English magazines, in one instance by the well-known statesman, John Morley. In 1890 he contributed to the 'American Statesman Series' a life of Chief-Justice Jay, his maternal great-grandfather. Mr. Pellew was for some time the New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*. About fifteen months ago he became a member of the editorial staff of *The Sun*. He was also known as a magazine writer, and contributed many articles to *The Critic*. \* \* \* He belonged to the University Club and the Players' Club, and was a member of the Tammany General Committee. Admiral Pellew, the first Viscount Exmouth, received his title for his successful attack on Algiers in 1816. Mr. Pellew was also great-grandson of Henry Addington, the first Viscount Sidmouth, who was Prime Minister of England.

From *The Sun*, again, we quote the closing paragraphs of a communication written on the day of Mr. Pellew's death:—

He was fond of historical work, but it seemed to his friends that his best gift was a clear-sighted, direct, and authentic literary judgment, which made him a critic of unusual breadth and discernment. Many will recall his signed article in *The Critic*, not long ago, which reviewed the American literature of a decade in a rapid but most judicial manner. His judgments were illuminating, and you realized that what seemed to be a hasty task was really the expression of a mind full to overflowing with mature reflections. Not long after he wrote for the same paper an unsigned review of Lowell's collected works, which put in small compass what must have seemed to fair-minded readers the very essence of Mr. Lowell's qualities in prose and poetry.

He was continually surprising you with the range of his reading. When you had made up your mind that he was absorbed in modern French literature, he would suddenly tell you of his study of the ancient Greek poets; the next day, perhaps, he would be ransacking the history of old New York.

From his college days he was fond of writing verses, and of making metrical translations—especially of Dante, if we recall it aright. Only the other day he told his intimates of having three sonnets accepted by a popular magazine—one of them on Death,' he said, with a smile.

To hear him talk at his best you need only express admiration for romantic fiction. Then he would launch at you with good-natured satire, and make royal fun of what he called 'fairy-tales for grown-up children.' He had great personal admiration for Mr. Howells and his literary creed of realism. His best praise seemed always to be for literature that was founded on scientific observation.

Yesterday he was full of hope and interest in his work. To a friendly greeting he said: 'I feel first-rate. I did a good day's work. I've got my pace.' A few hours later he was dead.

UNIVERSITY CLUB, Feb. 18.

DROCH.

On the day before his death, a check had been sent to him from *The Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Howells having just accepted 'three noble sonnets' of his for that magazine, to which he will probably contribute a critical estimate of the author's work, of which he is a great admirer. It is intended to prepare a selection of Mr. Pellew's poems and essays for publication in book form.

## The Fine Arts

### The Woman's Art Club

THE WOMAN'S ART CLUB of New York makes a good show of paintings in oils, pastels and water-colors at its third annual exhibition at 9 West 10th Street. Among the oil-paintings are many good studies of heads. A peasant girl knitting, 'In Holland,' as the catalogue informs us, is by Emily Slade. E. Dallett and H. C. Pupke show two studies of the same young woman in black lace, both very good. A painting of two little girls playing at a table of the Annunciation is catalogued as 'A Masquerade': the conception is excellent. The workmanship is generally better in the water-colors and pastels than in the oil-paintings. 'Roses,' in a glass vase, by Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, 'Tulips,' by Esther Coffin, 'Buttercups,' by Emma Wright, and 'A Window of Primroses' (pastels), by Clara W. Lathrop, show that the love for flowers and the ability to paint them go together. There are some remarkably good portraits among the pastels such as a lady with a fan by L. Breslaw. A portrait of a lady in pink (water-colors) by M. Sargent Florence is particularly notable for clever handling and vivacious expression.

### Art Notes

AMONG the 156 paintings belonging to Mr. J. Abner Harper which were sold at Chickering Hall on Feb. 23-24 were a few good American works, including examples of Abbey, Boynton, Inness and Picknell. Of foreign painters Cazin was the best represented in the collection, with half a dozen examples of his favorite twilight effects among sand-dunes and the half wild country near the sea. Of Lerolle there were three or four of his paintings of rustic life—a peasant girl knitting, laborers 'Returning Home' and 'The Full Moon.' Good examples of Ribot, Corot, Rousseau and Dupré also were present. This is the second collection that Mr. Harper has made and disposed of.

—'I have seen M. Rodin's rough model of the statue of Balzac, which is to be erected in Paris by public subscription,' says a Paris correspondent of the London *Author*. 'It promises a remarkable work of art. Balzac is represented in the monkish dressing-gown which he used to wear when writing, and which, it will be remembered, was always kept spotlessly white. The face is an excellent likeness, and the pose bespeaks the wonderful vitality and energy of the Goliath of the pen. Rodin is staking his great reputation on this work.'

—The large etching of John Lothrop Motley by Zilcken of the Hague is finished, and a limited number of proofs have reached the Keppel gallery, where an exhibition of mezzotints is to be seen. Zilcken obtained permission from the Queen of Holland to copy the portrait of Motley made in 1873, at her order, by Bisschop.

—The large and valuable collection of paintings and Oriental and European art objects of the American Art Association is to be sold early in April, to settle the estate of the late R. Austin Robertson.

### Miss Ingelow and Her Work

MISS JEAN INGELOW, who lives with her brother at Kensington, has given an interviewer for the London *Woman's Herald* some particulars of her career and work. In summer she sits in a beautiful conservatory, from the garden behind which a view is obtained of the grand old trees in Holland Park. When the winter comes Miss Ingelow retreats to the dining-room, 'where her writing occupies her some two or three hours in the morning, for 'she only writes when the spirit moves her.'

Miss Ingelow, who is a native of Lincolnshire, is the daughter of a banker. There were eleven children, and she was not esteemed the cleverest by any means. 'My favorite retreat,' said the poetess, 'was a lofty room in the old house, where there was a low window which overlooked the river. The windows had the good old-fashioned shutters which folded back against the walls. I would open these shutters and write my verses and songs on them and fold them back again. My mother came in one day and discovered them; many of them were transmitted to paper and preserved.'

It was Miss Ingelow's brother who helped her to publish her first volume of poems. 'He offered to contribute to have the MSS. printed, and my mother went with me to the publisher's (Mr. Longman). He was most kind, and took the matter up warmly. In the first year four editions of 1000 copies each were sold, and this first volume has been republished again and yet again, until it has reached its twenty-sixth edition.'

Miss Ingelow's outspoken frankness on women's rights seems to have rather staggered the interviewer. 'I don't approve of them at all,' said Miss Ingelow. 'We cannot have rights and privileges,



and I prefer privileges. I have got on very well without so-called rights; besides, I think we have as many rights as we need, and we can do pretty well what we choose. We shall lose our privileges when we demand our rights by force."

### Notes

THE 'Fiction, Fact and Fancy Series' is announced by Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co. It will be composed of neatly-bound and attractive little volumes of fiction, essays, monographs, correspondence and poetry, chiefly by American authors. The series will be edited by Mr. Arthur Stedman, and will be published at regular intervals and at popular prices. The increasing demand for books by Mark Twain at such prices has led the editor to issue some of Mr. Clemens's most entertaining sketches as the first number of this series, with the title 'Merry Tales by Mark Twain.' For the second number Mr. Poultny Bigelow has been asked to gather in book-form his various articles on 'The German Emperor and His Eastern Neighbors.' Interesting personal notes of his old playmate's boyhood and education are given, together with a description of the Emperor's army, his course and policy since accession, and the condition of affairs on the Russian and Roumanian frontiers. All these facts have been obtained by personal observation. The author having for the first time consented that a selection from 'Leaves of Grass' should be made for popular sale, No. 3 of the series will be 'Selected Poems from Walt Whitman,' chosen and arranged by Mr. Stedman, to whom the old poet has given permission to exercise his own preference among the former's poetical fancies. The fourth volume, 'Don Finimondone: Calabrian Sketches,' will introduce to the public for the first time in book-form Mrs. Elisabeth Cavazza, a native and resident of Portland, Me., long interested in Italian matters.

'Type-Writing and Business Correspondence,' by O. R. Palmer, announced by J. B. Lippincott Co., is a thorough compendium, divided into sections giving sample business-letters representing widely-different trades. 'Corinthia Marazion,' by Cecil Griffith, author of 'Victory Dean,' etc., soon to be published in the Lippincott Series, presents a picture of life in a country town. 'The Idealist,' by Henry T. King, is just coming from the same press.

—Mr. Leslie Stephen has written to the *London Times* to propose that a fund be raised for the purpose of erecting a monument to James Russell Lowell in Westminster Abbey.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish on March 5 'A Golden Gossip,' another 'neighborhood' story, by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; 'Equatorial America' (St. Thomas, Martinique, Barbadoes and the Principal Capitals of South America), by Maturin M. Ballou; 'The Rationale of Mesmerism,' by A. P. Sinnett; 'Roger Hunt,' a novel, by Celia P. Woolley; and the Speeches of Henry Cabot Lodge.

—The scene of Mr. Howells's new novel, 'The World of Chance,' is New York City; the hero is a young literary aspirant who goes to the metropolis with the manuscript of his first novel under his arm. The opening chapters will appear in the March *Harper's*.

—Harper & Bros. announce as immediately forthcoming 'Selections from Lucian,' translated by Emily James Smith; 'Lord Palmerston,' by the Marquis of Lorne; 'Roweny in Boston,' by Maria Louise Pool; 'That Angelic Woman,' by James M. Ludlow; 'In the Vestibule Limited,' by Brander Matthews; and the eighth number of the Franklin Square Song Collection. They have also ready a revised edition of Creasy's 'Fifteen Decisive Battles,' and a new edition of William Black's 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton.'

—*Scribner's Magazine* is now published in London by Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

—We have seen the new cover in which, henceforth, *The Book-buyer* is to appear. It represents a laurel-wreathed woman in Greek dress, seated on a high-backed settee of classical design, with her arms resting on two large open volumes, one on each side of her, and smaller books scattered around her sandaled feet. The background is of foliage, against which the title stands out in high relief on a frieze of open volumes. The thing was designed by Will H. Low, and is one of the prettiest covers we have seen. It will be printed on dark-gray paper.

—Mr. Ward McAllister is said to have been asked by Chicago publishers to write a book on New York social life and 'set his own price.' The prevailing rumor that Mr. McAllister made \$100,000 out of 'Society as I have Found It' is incorrect. Mr. McAllister is quoted by the *Times* as saying that he cleared exactly \$3750.

—The opening chapters of a new story by Mr. Hardy, 'The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved,' will shortly appear in *The Illustrated London News*.

—Messrs. Appleton have brought out this week a revised edition of Herbert Spencer's 'Social Statics.' The volume includes also 'The Man versus the State,' a series of essays and political tendencies heretofore published separately. Mr. Spencer has not disdained, it seems, to secure an American copyright for his new volume.

—Mrs. de Mattos, a first cousin of Robert Louis Stevenson, is said to be the author of 'Through the Red-Litten Windows,' issued in the Pseudonyme Library over the pen-name of Theodor Hertz-Garten.

—As its annual election (or rather re-election) last week, the Grolier Club added the name of Mr. George William Curtis to that of its honorary members. The only other name on the list is that of Prof. Andrew F. West of Princeton. Only one honorary member can be elected in a year.

—Bangs & Co. will put up at auction on Monday the first part of the library of Mr. T. V. Holbrow of this city. The sale of the 2385 lots will extend over all the afternoons of the week.

—A. D. F. Randolph & Co. will publish immediately 'The Early Religion of Israel,' by Prof. Robertson of Glasgow; 'The Life Beyond,' by George Hepworth; 'A Girl's Winter in India,' by Mary Thorn Carpenter; 'The Well-Spring of Immorality,' a story of Mission Life in India; and 'The New Life,' by Andrew Murray.

—A 'special' from San Francisco to the *Tribune* says:—

—Joaquin Miller, according to trustworthy information from San Diego, has renounced the world and sought a lodge in the mountains back of the city, where he will not be disturbed. He swore before he left town for his mountain retreat that he did not want to see any of the human kind again. He arrived in San Diego recently in deep depression. He told his friends that he felt deeply disgraced by the shame of his son's sentence to three years in San Quentin for stage robbery.

—'Hedda Gabler' was first seen in this country on Feb. 17 at the Amberg Theatre, where it was played by a German company.

—Mr. Richard Mansfield produced, at the Garden Theatre on Tuesday night, a sketchy four-act piece made up of mixed elements, but with the farcical spirit predominating. It is called 'Ten Thousand a Year,' and is founded on Samuel Warren's famous novel of that name.

—The Aldine Club will hold its next entertainment on Monday evening. Like the last, it will be open to the ladies of members' families, but unlike many of its predecessors, it will take the form of a musical entertainment. The program is not complete as yet but it is already announced that a double quartet from the Mendelssohn Glee Club will sing, that Miss Von Stosch will render violin selections, that Mr. Huss, the pianist, will favor the Club, and that Messrs. Krehbiel, Henderson, and Finck, the musical critics of the *Tribune*, *Times* and *Evening Post*, respectively, will deliver short talks on musical topics.

—Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh has 'condensed and arranged Browning's 'The Ring and the Book,' and will read the poem at the Berkeley Lyceum on March 3, 7, 10, 14, 17 and 21, beginning each afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—On Feb. 22 Miss Hapgood (9 East 23d Street) had received \$2850.03 for her Tolstoy Fund, for the relief of the starving Russians.

—In *The Critic* of Feb. 13, writes C. R. V. of Peoria, Ill., 'it is stated that the Order of Cincinnati was made hereditary "according to primogeniture." This is really a mistake. The Society was organized upon the plan of thus perpetuating itself, but it made such a veritable howl amongst the radical republicans of that day, that Gen. Washington at the first annual meeting persuaded the leaders to abandon the objectionable plan. Fiske's "Critical Period of American History" is my authority for this statement. In speaking of Prof. Sumner's great work on Robert Morris, the Lounger states that Morris died in a debtor's prison. If he will consult Prof. Sumner's book or "Appleton's Cyclopædia of American Biography," he will find that Robert Morris was in prison for debt nearly four years, but lived several years after being set at liberty.'

—Mr. W. R. Benjamin of *The Collector*, 28 West 23d Street, asks us to say that it was not he who issued the catalogue of the late Miss Mary L. Booth's collection of autographs, referred to in our issue of Feb. 6 under the heading 'Characteristic Specimens.' As we said at the time, it was Mr. W. E. Benjamin.

—Alexander Kielland, the Norwegian poet, was appointed Mayor of Stavanger, Norway, a few weeks ago.

—The dedication of the new library at Johnstown, Penn., built by Mr. Andrew Carnegie at a cost of \$65,000 took place on Feb. 19, in the presence of a large audience. The three-story buff-brick building is the finest in the town.

—Mr. Bell, of George Bell & Son, having been quoted as saying that International Copyright may 'reform American spelling,' the Boston publishers have been interviewed on the subject, and have pooh-poohed the idea that such reform is either necessary or likely to be made. Mr. Bell's words are given as follows:—

The American nation have not been happy in their attempts to form a phonetic spelling. Their system is not a good one. English publishers who have books worth copyrighting in the United States will have them set up by their agents there with the English spelling and construction, and this may act as a leaven in the lump of Americanism.

—Referring to our contradiction of his statement that the new copyright law seemed to have raised the price of books in America, Mr. Charles Welsh of the firm of Griffith, Farran & Co., the London publishers, writes:—'I notice your remarks upon my view of some of the results of International Copyright. What you say seems to me rather to confirm my impression; instead of "David Grieve" being published at ten or fifteen cents, it is published at a dollar, and experience shows that there is not likely to be a larger quantity sold of a dollar book than of a ten-cent one. Again, I take it that it is not likely that the price of "David Grieve" will be reduced in America; on the other hand, here it will rapidly go through the 3s. 6d., 6s. and 3s. 6d. stages, until it reaches the 2s. form, when it will find its place upon the railway bookstalls.'

—Mr. William E. Foster of Providence has reprinted from the December *Library Journal* his thoughtful paper on 'Public Support of Public Libraries,' read before the American Library Association at San Francisco, in October last.

—Under the title of *The Long Quarterly* (so named from its shape) Mr. Elliot Stock will hereafter publish every three months a new novel, printed on tinted paper and sold at half-a-crown. The first number will be entitled 'Until My Lord Returns,' the author being Admiral Hinton.

—Col. Albert A. Pope, as President of the Pope M'fg Co., offers \$10,000 worth of bicycles as prizes for the boys and young men who write the best essays on any phase of the subject 'Good Roads.'

—A reader sends us word that the Princess Engalitcheff, referred to by our Boston correspondent last week, is neither a Russian nor a representative of the Russian aristocracy, but the daughter of a German-Pole of Dantzig.

—It will interest the admirers of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' *The Athenaeum* thinks, to know that the opening incident, which some critics denounced as unnatural, took place under Mr. Hardy's eyes. 'He was standing at the corner of a street in a small town in Dorsetshire when a tipsy man staggered past, saying, "I've got a great family vault over at ———." Mr. Hardy's curiosity was roused, and he found that the statement was true. He represented one of our oldest Norman families. The admirable novel which is now delighting the public grew up from this incident, supplemented by other facts.'

—Mr. Joseph Edmund Collins, who came from Canada in 1886, to edit *The Epoch*, died on Tuesday at a hospital in West 11th Street, this city. He was born in Nova Scotia, in 1853; was a graduate of King's College, Windsor; and wrote the 'Life and Times of Sir John MacDonald' and 'Canada under Lord Lorne.' He resigned his editorial position in 1887, and had since done miscellaneous literary work. He was a man of strong individuality and considerable ability.

—The death is announced of Mr. J. K. Stephen, 'a brilliant talker and a man of many capabilities,' whose 'Lapsus Calami' contained so many clever verses of a Calverleyan cast as to beget a hope of good things to come, which was hardly met in the author's second book, 'Quo Musa Tendis.' The most familiar lines in Mr. Stephen's 'Lapsus Calami' were those in which he described his vision of

a muzzled stripling  
Mute beside a muzzled bore,  
When the Rudyards cease from kipling  
And the Haggards ride no more.

—Mr. C. A. Fyfe, the historian of modern Europe, died Monday, his death being attributed to the mental and physical depression from which he suffered as a consequence of an odious charge brought against him about a year ago, and the attempt at suicide he made on April 17. He was brought to court in an ambulance, and the trial had to be temporarily postponed, owing to his weak condition. In July the London Grand Jury declared that no bill should be found against him.

—The late Dr. John Gilmary Shea, the Roman Catholic historian and editor of *The Catholic News*, who died on Monday, was born in this city on July 22, 1824, his father, Joseph Shea, being the Principal of Columbia College. In 1860 he published the first of a series of fifteen volumes of grammars and dictionaries of Indian languages. The articles on Indian tribes in 'Appleton's Cyclopædia' were written by Dr. Shea. In 1857 he printed the first of a series of twenty-six small volumes, from early manuscripts, chiefly relating to missions. Observing the very bad condition of the text of Roman Catholic Bibles, he finally, with the concurrence of Cardinal McCloskey, reprinted the original of Challoner's Bible of 1740, comparing the text three times with the Vulgate. Among his other works, which amaze one by their number, are a 'History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States,' 'Early Voyages Up and Down the Mississippi,' 'Life of Pius IX.,' 'Catholic Churches in New York City' and 'Hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States.' Four volumes of his 'History of the Catholic Church in the United States' have been published, and the fifth and last is ready for the printer. Dr. Shea leaves a large and valuable library, especially rich in Indian linguistics and early and rare editions of books about the early history of America, besides many unique manuscripts.

### The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS

1649.—Where can I find a skit against homœopathy, written by the first Bishop Doane, called 'A Recipe for a Summer Drink'? The following are parts of it:—

Take a little rum  
(The less you take the better)  
Pour it in the lakes  
Of Wener or of Wetter.

Every now and then  
Take a drop in water:  
You'll be better soon,  
Or at least you oughter.

It was printed about forty years ago.

PHILADELPHIA.

J. E.

[Bishop Doane of Albany, to whom we referred this inquiry, writes:—'I greatly wish I could answer your question. In some strange way these verses of my father's have missed reprinting, and I have never been able to find a full and correct copy of them. They appeared in a little brochure written by somebody in Philadelphia against the homœopathic system.']

### Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

- |  |                          |
|--|--------------------------|
| Anderson, L. Among Typhoons and Pirate Craft. \$1.75.                                  | Chas. Scribner's Sons.   |
| Bell, M. Was She Wife, or Widow?   | Robt. Bonner's Sons.     |
| Browne, Sir T. Religio Medici. Ed. by D. L. Roberts. 75c.                              | Macmillan & Co.          |
| Buckley, A. B. Moral Teachings of Science.   | D. Appleton & Co.        |
| Bullen, A. H. Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists. \$1.50.                              | Chas. Scribner's Sons.   |
| Cowperthwait, J. H. Money, Silver and Finance.   | G. P. Putnam's Sons.     |
| Daly, J. B. The Dawn of Radicalism. \$1.   | Chas. Scribner's Sons.   |
| Day, L. F. Nature in Ornament. \$4.50.   | Macmillan & Co.          |
| Deio's Minor Novels. Ed. by G. Saintsbury. \$1.  | Duprat & Co.             |
| DuBois, H. P. Four Private Libraries of New York.                                      | G. P. Putnam's Sons.     |
| Fowler, W. W. Julius Cæsar.  | Thos. Whittaker.         |
| Fulton, H. The Chalcedonian Decree. \$1.50.  | J. B. Lippincott Co.     |
| Harland, M. His Great Self. \$1.25.  | Macmillan & Co.          |
| Harper, C. G. English Pen Artists of To-day. \$30.                                     | Chas. Scribner's Sons.   |
| Herrick, R. Poems. Ed. by A. Pollard. 2 vols. \$3.50.                                  | Waverley Co.             |
| Hume, F. The Man Who Vanished. 25c.  | Chas. Scribner's Sons.   |
| Jackson, F. G. Lessons on Decorative Design. \$2.                                      | F. H. Revell Co.         |
| Jerrold, W. Michael Faraday. 75c.  |                          |
| Knowles, E. R. The Supremacy of the Spiritual.   | Chas. Scribner's Sons.   |
| Le Gallienne, R. Book-Bills of Narcissus. \$2.   | Chas. Scribner's Sons.   |
| Loch, C. S., etc. General Booth's Scheme. \$1.   | D. Appleton & Co.        |
| Marshall, F. It Happened Yesterday.  |                          |
| Moffatt's Geography of America and the Ocean. Ed. by T. Page.                          | London: Moffatt & Paige. |
| Papus. The Tarot of the Bohemians. \$3.  | Chas. Scribner's Sons.   |
| Pierpont, E. de L. A Bargain in Souls.   | Chicago: Laird & Lee.    |
| Pollard, E. F. Florence Nightingale. 75c.  | F. H. Revell Co.         |
| Prince, J. T. Methods in the Schools of Germany. \$1.                                  | Boston: Lee & Shepard.   |
| Rogers, J. E. T. Industrial and Commercial History of England. Ed. by A. G. L. Rogers. | G. P. Putnam's Sons.     |
| Soule, R. Dictionary of English Synonyms. \$2.25.                                      | J. B. Lippincott Co.     |
| Spencer, H. Social Statics, and The Man vs. the State.                                 | D. Appleton & Co.        |
| Stebbing, W. Sir Walter Raleigh. \$2.60.   | Macmillan & Co.          |
| Taylor, J. T. The Optics of Photography. \$1.  | Macmillan & Co.          |
| Theuriet, A. Jules Bastien-Lepage and His Art. \$3.50.                                 | Houghton, Mifflin & Co.  |
| Trent, W. P. William Gilmore Simms. \$1.25.  | Chas. Scribner's Sons.   |
| White, A. The Destitute Alien in Great Britain. \$1.                                   | London: Methuen & Co.    |
| Wilkinson, J. F. Pensions and Pauperism. 2s.   | London: Methuen & Co.    |
| Wilkins, W. H. The Alien Invasion. 2s. 6d.   | Waverley Co.             |
| Wren, J. Lazy Thoughts of a Lazy Girl. 25c.  |                          |
| Blomfield, R., and Thomas, F. I. The Formal Garden in England. \$3.                    | Macmillan & Co.          |



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The National Conservatory of Music of America, desirous of emphasizing the engagement of Dr. Antonin Dvorak as its Director by a special endeavor to give an additional impulse to the advancement of music in the United States, proposes to award prizes for the best Grand or Comic Opera (Opera Comique), for the best Libretto for a Grand or Comic Opera (Opera Comique), for the best Piano or Violin Concerto, and for the best Symphony, Oratorio and Suite, or Cantata, each and all of these works to be composed or written by composers and librettists born in the United States and not above thirty-five years of age. The prizes shall be as follows:

## SUBJECTS AND PRIZES.

For the best Grand or Comic Opera (Opera Comique), words and music,	\$1,000
For the best Libretto for a Grand or Comic Opera (Opera Comique),	500
For the best Symphony,	500
For the best Oratorio,	500
For the best Suite or Cantata,	300
For the best Piano or Violin Concerto,	200

## GENERAL CONDITIONS.

1. Each work must be in manuscript form and absolutely new to the public.
2. Its merits shall be passed upon by a special jury of five or more competent judges.
3. The works to which the prizes shall be awarded shall be made known to the public under the auspices of the National Conservatory of Music of America, whose operatic conductors, vocalists, instrumentalists, choral forces, &c., insure an ensemble that must add largely to the effectiveness of the compositions.
4. The National Conservatory of Music of America reserves the right to give three public performances of the works to which prizes shall be awarded; these shall afterwards be the property of the composers and authors.
5. Manuscripts shall be sent for examination, to the above address, between September 1st and October 15th, 1892. The award of prizes will be made on or about November 15th, 1892.

## THE JURIES.

### Grand Opera.

Dr. Antonin Dvorak.  
Mr. George W. Chadwick, Boston.  
Mr. Arthur Nikisch, Boston.  
Signor Romualdo Sapia, New York.  
Herr Anton Seidl, New York.

### Opera Comique.

Dr. Antonin Dvorak.  
Signor Paolo Giorza, New York.  
Mr. Bruno Oscar Klein, New York.  
Herr Adolf Neuendorff, New York.  
Mr. Frank van der Stucken, New York.

### Libretto.

Dr. Antonin Dvorak.  
Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Boston.  
Mr. Elwyn A. Barron, Chicago.  
Mr. C. A. Bratter, New York.  
Mr. Henry A. Clapp, Boston.  
Mr. Eugene Field, Chicago.  
Mr. George P. Goodale, Detroit.  
Col. T. W. Higginson, Boston.  
Mr. M. G. Seckendorff, Washington.  
Mr. Edmund C. Stedman, New York.  
Mr. Benjamin Edward Woolf, Boston.  
Mr. William Winter, New York.

### Oratorio and Cantata.

Dr. Antonin Dvorak.  
Mr. Dudley Buck, Brooklyn.  
Mr. William W. Gilchrist, Philadelphia.  
Mr. Benjamin J. Lang, Boston.  
Mr. William L. Tomlins, Chicago.

### Symphony, Suite, Violin and Piano Concertos.

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Mr. Rafael Joseffy, New York.  
Prof. John K. Paine, Boston.  
Mr. Xaver Scharwenka, New York.

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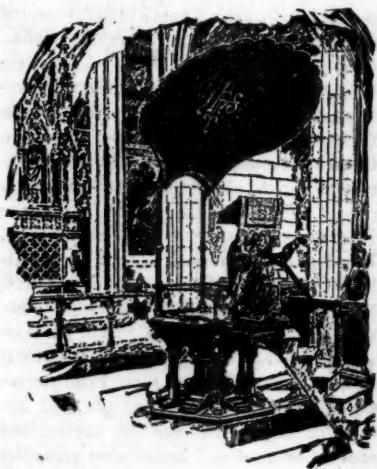
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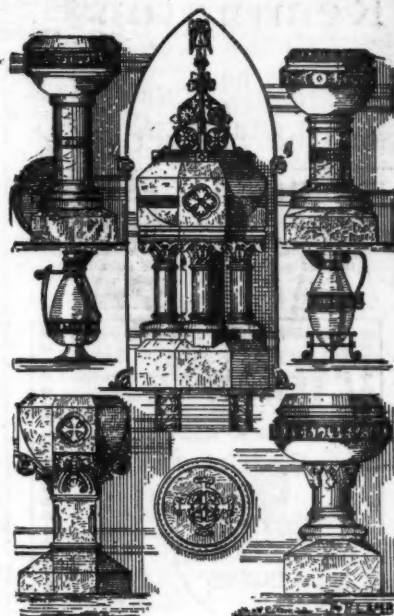


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Twenty-Seventh Annual Statement

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January 1, 1892

Receipts in Year 1891	
(Premiums and Inter- est), - - -	\$399,786.29
Disbursements in Year	
1891, - - -	290,216.66
Assets January 1, 1892,	2,233,994.91
Liabilities January 1,	
1892, - - -	1,727,311.56

Surplus to Policy-Holders  
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### ASSETS.

Loans on First Mortgages of Real Estate, . . . . .	\$5,514,451.73
Premium Notes and Loans on Policies in force, . . . . .	799,652.92
Loans on Collateral, . . . . .	14,600.00
Cost Value of Real Estate owned by the Company, . . . . .	1,087,456.50
City and Municipal and Railroad Bonds and Stocks, . . . . .	1,738,429.49
Bank Stocks, . . . . .	171,820.00
Cash in Office, . . . . .	374.83
Cash Deposited in Banks, . . . . .	378,298.69

Add:

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Market value of Stocks and Bonds over cost, . . . . .	\$59,467.00
Interest accrued and due, . . . . .	161,920.37
Premiums in course of collection, . . . . .	78,362.13
Deferred Semi-Annual and Quarterly Premiums, . . . . .	55,736.75
	355,486.25

Gross Assets, January 1, 1892, - - - \$10,060,570.41

### LIABILITIES.

Reserve on Policies in force at 4 per cent. interest (Conn. and N. Y. Standard), . . . . .	\$8,778,258.00
Claims by death outstanding, . . . . .	98,398.00
Premiums paid in advance, . . . . .	12,518.00
Loading on outstanding and deferred Premiums and other Liabilities, . . . . .	32,205.43
Special Policy and Investment Reserves, . . . . .	537,952.42
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Surplus at 4 per cent., - - - - - \$601,238.56

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Policies issued in 1891, . . . . .	2,886
Percentage of gain over 1890, . . . . .	64 per cent.

Insurance written in 1891, . . . . .	\$5,266,345.00
Percentage of gain over 1890, . . . . .	55 per cent.

Policies in force, . . . . .	18,369
Insurance in force, . . . . .	\$27,102,425.00

In 1891 the business of the Company shows an increase in each of the following items:

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